

[About twenty years ago we received from England a volume of Sermons, by the author of the work reviewed in the following article. It stood on the shelves for a year or two unread; but when read, we deeply lamented the loss of the time in which we might have profited by it, and determined to read it once a year ever after. This, alas! we have not done; but it will not seem light praise of such a volume to say that we have reperused it several times. The title is, "The Church of God." It is so delightful a book, that we shall lose no time in sending to England for a new work of the same author.—LIV. AGE.]

From the Church of England Quarterly Review.

*The Ministry of the Body.* By the REV. ROBERT WILSON EVANS, B. D., Vicar of Heversham, Westmoreland, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "The Rectory of Valehead," &c. London: 1847.

THE only credible account of the origin and formation of man is to be found in one of the earliest extant literary records:—"The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." (Genesis ii. 7.) The *primâ facie* evidence that this descriptive account is authoritative seems to us to be irresistible, as no competent reader of the Mosaic records will believe that they were composed under the lights of human science. Indeed, the attacks made upon their author by infidels, on the ground of his ignorance of physical science, save us the trouble of endeavoring to establish this point; and yet we offer the alternative that this account of the origin of man must have been discovered either by a divine revelation or by scientific investigations; for we cannot persuade ourselves to regard it as possible that any superficial examination of the human body, before the dawn of formal science, could have suggested the fact that *all* its parts were composed of the *same* materials as the surrounding earthly objects. The discovery that the body is a part of the great system of external nature—the same mechanically and chemically, living and decaying like all other living things—must surely be assigned to revelation or higher science. The mere observation of a dead body, which had been left to the action of the elements, would conduct to the discovery that its bones would ere long moulder away, and become hardly distinguishable from the surrounding portions of earth. But that *all* the component parts of a human body—flesh, nerves, bones, blood, &c.—should, according to proved natural laws, become decomposed into terrestrial elements, could not, it seems self-evident, be so determined by an unscientific observer in the primitive ages of the world as to lead to such a confident affirmation of its elementary composition as that formally put forth by Moses. Chemical analysis could alone *prove* that the human body in all its parts is made up of

the materials of which our globe is constituted. Unless, therefore, the writer of the book of Genesis can be supposed to have been master of such a chemical analysis as has enabled subsequent physiologists to *prove* that this is the actual constitution of the human body, it must be granted that he was taught it in some other way; and, as we deem it quite incredible that there was any depository of higher earthly knowledge of his times than the writer of this book, we conclude confidently that the authority which made the discovery and emboldened him to put it forth—not as an hypothesis, but as a certain truth—that man's body is made of the "dust of the ground," was God.

Hence, then, as scientific investigations have *proved* that the *first* part—the only one within the limits of science—of this description of humanity—viz., that man's entire body is substantially made of the "dust of the ground," is true, and could not, in those early times, have been a scientific discovery; therefore, we conclude that the latter part of this description—which, being beyond the limits of science, must have been revealed—is also true—namely, that the invisible *ens* which vitalizes this compound of earthly materials is what is called the soul, or spirit; so that the highest generalization of man is still that put forth by Moses, and has not been advanced by any subsequent investigations. The achievements of science have proved that these words of an unscientific writer concerning the human body express a perfect truth; and the most careful experiences of all subsequent generations—the only mode of testing its truth—confirm the latter. This simple division of man into body and soul seems in the best manner to serve all those practical views which regard the past, present, and future of individual history. It regards him as consisting of the perishable (popularly speaking) substance, body, and of the imperishable *ens*, soul; each being considered as a whole, divisible into its elementary functions, and to be dealt with, in the contemplation of certain revealed final issues, as separate wholes. The deductions from these facts supply the only reasonable solution of some of the most interesting problems of human life.

For our own immediate purpose, we think this simple division less encumbered with difficulties than the one adopted by Mr. Evans and others, as if St. Paul intended to give a perfect definition of man in the terms "spirit, soul, and body." (1 Thess. v. 2, 3.) This, as is well known, was the doctrine of the Pythagoreans, Platonists, and Stoics, and may find respectable support from metaphysics and word-criticism. Macknight's solution, however, of this kind of phraseology is so frequently used in defence of similar modes of speaking in

the sacred writers that it may be quoted in defence of the popular view:—"The apostle's design was to teach mankind religion, and not philosophy; he might use the popular language to which the Thessalonians were accustomed, without adopting the philosophy on which that language was founded; consequently, that his prayer means no more but that they might be thoroughly sanctified, of how many constituent parts howsoever their nature consisted." It is no part, however, of our purpose to discuss the question whether men and animals alike consist of body and *soul*, the highest difference being constituted by the addition to the former of *spirit*. We remark only, that we do not lay much stress upon the criticism which extracts definitions from Gen. i. 26, and ii. 7, as it might tend to the conclusion that, for however brief a period, man was created without spirit—that is, he was merely an animal. We fear, moreover, that it would require much profitless trouble to attempt to make clear to our people this elementary piece of metaphysics as explained by Mr. Evans, and still more to purge our best theology of the old nomenclature. For our own practical purposes, of putting forth some remarks upon the relative importance of the component parts of man, the old division, therefore, seems sufficient. Moreover, we shall thus escape the inconvenient inquiry as to whether the soul and spirit are of the same *nature* or not. When looking upon a human skeleton, we see the fate of one of these three component parts—the body. Of another, we only know by revelation that the spirit is gone to God that gave it. But what has become to the נפש חיה, the *psyche*, the soul? How shall we explain the doctrine of this verse: "Who knoweth the spirit (רוח) of a man that goeth upward, and the spirit (רוח) of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccles. iii. 21.) This רוח must be of the *nature* either of the body or the spirit. If it belongs to the former, it must perish with it; and if it belongs to the latter, it still survives; and then does not that of animalculæ, &c., also? We would, therefore, still retain the old division, in endeavoring to assign the relative positions of the bodily and the spiritual during their earthly probation, though we are very far from regarding the question as unimportant, or from insinuating that Mr. Evans has not written ably upon it.

In examining the ulterior grounds of the necessity for the sanctification of the body, it seems requisite, *in limine*, to allude to the popular difficulties presented by the doctrine of its future resurrection. It must be acknowledged that there seems to be a degree of impertinence, so to speak, in demanding the literalities of this doctrine, which conscious ignorance usually foregoes in speaking of the future destinies of the soul. Fools, to be sure, rush in where angels fear to tread; but whilst it is useless to notice their exceptions, the rule is to believe that after death the soul exists somewhere separately from the body, waiting the arrival of the period appointed for their reunion, by what is called the *resurrection* of the latter. But the im-

pertinent inquiry now, as of old, is, "*How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come!*" It is not long since a difficulty was suggested to us, from no unfriendly quarter, as to the impossibility of any popular or reasonable interpretation of the term *resurrection*, by pointing out the fact that human bodies are imported from foreign graveyards into England to be ground into bone-dust for agricultural purposes. We were told that this difficulty presses heavily upon the minds of some thinking, serious persons who have observed this fact, and drawn their own conclusions from it. For how, it is asked, can any distinction be made under such circumstances? Indeed, our churchyards and cemeteries seem not unnaturally to suggest the idea of *ownership*; and we ourselves knew a pious lady, of family rank, who expressed a desire that her coffin might be deposited in the grave with its lid unscrewed, that no impediment might exist in the way of her instant obedience to the summons of the archangel's trump! If this marks a state of ignorance not unmixed with irreverence, yet does it also exhibit that popular notion of ownership at the resurrection, which, we fear, makes many secret doubters or unbelievers. To the friend who suggested to us the above popular difficulty, we replied at the time by pointing out the gross absurdity of predicating the limits of time and space of Him who fabricated those rolling orbs over our own heads, and of presenting the apparent difficulties of a paltry sheet of salt water before Him "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." (Isaiah xl. 12.)

But there is another solution which may help to free the subject from all such literal difficulties. Amongst other purposes which the materials of our globe are designed to serve, one is for the fabrication of the human body. We have shown it to be a point of revelation that Adam's body was made of these preëxisting materials; nor can we believe that, chemically speaking, none but those identical portions which were actually made use of could have produced that organized frame with all its constitutional peculiarities. We cannot bring ourselves to imagine that any peculiarity exists in the decomposed materials of any two human bodies to constitute essential identity—that is, that there is something essentially peculiar in the "dust" of one which there is not in that of the other. The actual and distinctive *framework* of Adam and of every human being is something real, and altogether arbitrary of any parental arrangements; but we do not suppose that the "dust" of one might not serve the purpose of the reorganization of another, if reanimation were required. Certainly, this hypothesis presents no practical difficulties to the reason, though the *peculiarities* of individual physical organization present such as might be fairly used to show abstractedly the limits of even guessing. The color of the complexion and the hair, and those nameless dif-

ferences where even the strongest family likeness between brother and brother is seen upon close investigation being but superficial, manifest a contriving power that rules with perfect mastery a complicated and subtle machinery, which, though limited to our knowledge, is yet thus proved to be unlimited in its appliances; but still, it is beyond the power of human science to prove that these differences and varieties depend in any way upon the qualities of such definite earthly materials as could be replaced, in individual cases, by no others. Personal identity, we think, may depend more upon the filling up of that peculiar *mould*, which is an universal *differentia* of individuals, than upon any native difference between the "dust" which may be taken up in one hand from a church-yard in England, and in the other from a burial-ground in any country across the seas. We should judge it to be far more likely that it is the original and distinctive mould, constituting, as has been said, an universal *differentia*, which determines such definite characteristics of individuals, as the relative quantity of blood, the disposition of the nerves, &c., than any distinguishing qualities of the mere earthly materials which fill out these moulds. So far as this theory is probable, so far are we justified in rejecting the popular difficulties raised upon the doctrine of the resurrection, on the ground of the apparent *impossibility* of restoring to each that identical body he laid down at death; for, until it can be proved that the individual's bodily identity depends upon the inherent qualities, and not, as we judge, upon the disposition only of the earthly materials of which it is composed, the popular difficulty rests upon no foundation. We deem it quite enough to say that, as the human frame is composed of earthly materials in general, when the soul of each requires for its body that exact quantity which shall suffice to constitute its former identity, according to the original mould, not a single difficulty will exist on the ground of ownership, unless it can be proved that one portion of earth, or air, or water, is generically different from, and better or worse than another.

We may further illustrate this view by asking whether it is supposable that the physical organization of an individual, who had been reared from infancy to manhood in one locality, would have been in any way different, if he had been reared in a locality twenty miles distant? And yet it is certain that the precise earthly materials of which the body would have been formed in the one case would be different from those of which it would have been formed in the other. Our conclusion from this is the same as before—that personal identity does not depend upon the quality of earthly materials, but rather, as we are led to suppose, upon some definite quantity taken according to no rule of what we call ownership, and the composition of it into wholes after given moulds.

As to the physical difficulties which are presented to some minds by what are deemed mechanical impossibilities, the whole must disappear before sober views of the miraculous (according to our

present laws) powers which the general resurrection implies. For though it is contrary to any laws with which we are now acquainted, yet, upon our introduction at death into new departments of the universe, the circumstances of the resurrection will appear then as natural as the conception, birth, and growth to manhood of individuals does now. Indeed, such we are sure will be the case; for it is certain that the laws under which the inhabitants of this globe are to exist hereafter have not now to be enacted, or changed, or repealed. His laws are, like himself, unchangeable. One of these laws experience has established that the spirit of man should be clothed for a definite period in a material dress, which shall be capable of certain functions, and then be dissolved into the "dust" from whence it was taken. Another law has been revealed concerning the future, that after a period of separation the soul shall be again united to an earthly body, on which divine power shall effect such transforming changes as shall qualify it for some new definite position and duties in the universe, which, though clearly alluded to, are yet veiled under negations and images.

Attempts have been made to get rid of the physical difficulties suggested by the apparent impossibility of a restoration to each soul of the identical body actually laid down at death, by supposing some germ to exist in it, which, like other seeds, would contain within itself the miniature body to be enlarged by growth or some other unknown means. If, however, this idea were received and carried out, it would tend to a result similar to our own, only encumbered with the difficulty of conceiving how that germ, and myriads of others, could be preserved from sharing the fate of their kindred dust.

We would fain hope that the theory we have sketched might be made use of for allaying those painful doubts about the possibility of the future resurrection which have arisen in certain minds from the proved fact that portions of earth, which belonged to one human body, must have been converted by the processes of nature into materials appropriated by another; and, as these processes can be carried on without assignable limit, ownership must be out of the question. Our hypothesis tends to set aside all such difficulties, by showing that they are unfounded in nature.

But upon this view, that sacred regard for *our own* body, which is the main purpose of Mr. Evans' book to inculcate, may seem unnecessary, as it is to be manifested towards materials *none* of which may fall to our share at the resurrection. We might at once cut this knot by a reference to our former remark upon the impertinence of demanding the literalities of a *fact*, which has been revealed without its *modes*. But a similar objection belongs to personal identity after the lapse of years; for, as Bishop Butler observes of "large quantities of matter in which we are very nearly interested," they "may be alienated, and actually are in the course of succession, and changing their owners, whilst we are assured that each



living agent remains one and the same permanent being."\* But one remark (it is impossible to discuss such a subject in the pages of a *Review*) may suffice. In demanding peculiar veneration either for soul or body, the true foundation of the respect must be made to rest upon their divine origin and revealed destiny. When, therefore, we urge the solemn duty of using our bodies as "vessels of sanctification and honor," we imply that they are a specific kind of divine workmanship, which, after its earthly destiny has been fulfilled, we believe will, *to all intents and purposes*, be restored identically at the resurrection; for if the entire change of substance, which occurs after the lapse of many years, during the earthly existence, does not destroy the peculiarities of identity, why should any such entire changes at the resurrection destroy it? The body of our blessed Lord was certainly raised with the peculiarities which had marked it during his former life, otherwise his disciples and friends would have been unable to establish his identity. Indeed, we know it bore even the scars of the crucifixion; nor can we believe that that sacred body presented after its resurrection its former emaciated appearance, occasioned by such sufferings in life and on the cross as must have reduced it to the minimum of size compatible with existence. We speak with reverence; but there can be no doubt that this view is true.

In like manner, as Christ's resurrection is to be the pattern of ours, so we conclude will each individual body, of whatever materials it is composed, exhibit after its resurrection those natural and original peculiarities which distinguished it from the myriads of others scattered over all the generations of time; and, to our apprehension, this characteristic physical reorganization appears to be altogether independent of the popular requirement that the materials of the heavenly body should be taken from the burial-ground of the earthly body. The potter hath power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another to dishonor; but the same clay which was used to make the vessel unto dishonor would have served equally well to make the vessel unto honor. Just, then, as the sameness of the materials of two vessels made from clay of the same lump does not constitute their identity, no more, as it appears to us, will the sameness of the materials be required to constitute personal identity at the resurrection. This has already received an illustration from the consideration that the sameness of the materials does not constitute the personal identity of an individual at any two consecutive periods, since, by the ceaseless natural process of rejection and addition, which are going on in all human bodies, interchanges must occur periodically. Hence this objection to especial sanctification of the earthly body, on the ground of (possibly) total changes in the materials of the heavenly body, is without force.

But it is time to pass on from principles to their application. There can be no doubt that

the religious views of the compound man presented by our popular theology are mainly limited to what is called the soul. We cannot, as we write this, recall to our remembrance one of our own acquaintances, educated or uneducated, who entertains any such definite views of the "ministry of the body" as are explained and defended by Mr. Evans. If we desired to embody the vague notions of the place assigned to the human body in the popular creed, we should say that it is regarded as the clog of the soul—its encumbrance; or, treating it with a little more respect, as the scaffolding of the building, which not only forms no part of it, but disfigures it, and therefore must be thrown down as soon as its purposes have been served. The inquiry, however, is seldom instituted, *how* the body has been made a clog and an impediment, if such it is felt to be. "Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."\* He who, by following the laws of nature and revelation, has obtained this answer to prayer, will never speak thus wickedly of that divine workmanship, the human body. The lines following the above verse will partly explain what we mean: nor needs the Christian misinterpret us in adding the following:—

Monstro quod ipsi tibi possis dare: semita certe  
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.  
Nullum Numen habes, si sit prudentia.

The Stagyrite teaches us that *prudence* is the progenitor of all the virtues; and, with comparatively few exceptions, it will be found that imprudence in earlier years in overtaxing the body, whether as students or as pursuers of gain or pleasure, is the sole cause of its being *felt* to be a clog and a wearying burden, instead of a perpetual source of boundless gratitude. The joy with which a body in perfect health responds at times to the appeals of nature abroad is known to none but such as have carefully used it according to the divine laws. It is said by the biographer of the poet Crabbe that he could never read steadily those lines of Shakspeare's good old Adam:—

Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;  
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility.  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.

Such as these can never miscall the body a clog and an encumbrance. It is impossible, however, to say how much evil has been and is wrought by such utterly erroneous views of the mystical union of the body and soul, and of the separate claims of each. Perhaps, therefore, we are justified in attributing great importance to Mr. Evans' contribution to our theological literature, though we are far from coinciding with all his theories and their application. We think the time has arrived when the real errors and the imperfect views which have so long made certain portions of our popular theology a stumbling block to the thoughtful should

\* Analogy, part i., chap. i., sect. ii.

\* Juvenal, Sat. x., 356.



be canvassed by higher minds, and the results put forth in a popular form. None but ministers can tell the difficulty of disabusing the minds of the ignorant of the erroneous opinions which are so confidently and dogmatically put forth by certain self-called teachers.

Mr. Evans commences his work with some remarks which serve so well to explain his views that we quote them at some length :—

To be in the body, what a mystery! To exercise its senses, what a blessing! To rule its appetites, what a charge! Our future state will be a bodily one; and, therefore, it surely seems not unreasonable to suppose that our purest bodily enjoyment may contain the seed of that future enjoyment, even as the present body contains the seed of the future body. The day, indeed, will come in which all the splendid host and beautiful array of nature's objects shall vanish away; but shall we weep, therefore, as did that fond Persian king, over the magnificent spectacle of his mortal armies? On the contrary, as life suggested death to him, so the mute insensibility of these preaches of life to our hearts. Then it is not dumb and unmeaning, whatever it may be to eye or ear: it then whispers, "Body thou art, and body thou wilt be; and, therefore, bodily things, however highly refined towards spiritual, will always be among the objects of thy contemplation." Are you sufficiently aware of this? Are not you, and almost all men, unduly prejudiced in favor of an independent existence? You might not express yourselves to this purport in direct terms, though, by the way, your language strongly savors of it. Yet do you consciously and regularly carry the notion of body into that world which you are contemplating in spirit? Do you not rather imagine that the first thing to be done in such a contemplation is to divest yourself as much as possible of all bodily consciousness, and remove from you, as far as you can, all corporeal reference? And are you not thus fixing your attention merely on the intermediate, and not on the fixed, state of your nature?

Mr. Evans thus continues :—

I, for one, must plead guilty to this charge. On looking back to past thoughts and recurring to former expressions, I cannot but detect the inaccuracy which arises from such insufficient consideration. And conversation and books assure me that I am but one of a multitude—that it is difficult to find one by whom the body is duly kept in sight; and yet to it, after all our aspirations, we must come at last. However we may flutter and flatter ourselves with flying, we are but like the bird going the length of the chain that is fastened to the top of the pole on which he is perched. All erroneous systems have concurred in undervaluing its rank. Thus the Gnostic learned to do from the speculations of Greek and Oriental philosophy. And is not our stage of society much the same? Is not the popular mind similarly affected towards undue spiritualism? And are we not all apt to acquiesce in the language and notions of our times on all those points which have not drawn to them our particular attention? Not, indeed, that any have come, or seem likely to come, to that pass, that they should neglect its rights after the fashion of those old heretics who systematically and spitefully macerated it as the corrupter of the soul; or, on the contrary, abused it to all uncleanness, as a vile thing to be vilely used.

In illustration of the popular errors he proceeds thus :—

Let us examine our common language, even when it is uttered from the pulpit, whence it should come forth in its greatest accuracy. How seldom does the mention of the body occur in the announcements of the life to come! They may, indeed, so far be accurate enough, inasmuch as they follow the scriptural example in declaring the salvation of the soul. But is this the whole, and therefore undefiled, truth of that example? Does not Scripture also speak of the salvation of the body? Does not St. Paul also mention the redemption of the body in company with the adoption of the spirit,\* and exhort to heavenly conversation through the prospect of the future conformity of the body to the glorious body of Christ?† Yet our popular language is utterly unqualified by any expressions like these. It is even inconsistent with them; for who could possibly infer from its cast that there was to be anything in man in the world to come besides his soul? Mortal body and immortal soul are so pointedly and continually set in mutual contrast, assigned to different lots, that all view of the future life of the former seems to be absorbed in the exclusive nature of the eternal state of the latter. How strange does such omission appear, when we turn round from such preaching, and hear our Lord warning us that not only our soul but our body also may be destroyed in hell;‡ and his apostle ordering an offender to be delivered unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that his spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus? Here are other elements besides the soul to be taken into the account. (pp. 6, 7.)

Mr. Evans proceeds to enumerate some of the evils resulting from these erroneous views, such as the not giving their proper fulness and reality to those "four grand cardinal doctrines of our creed, the visibility of the church, Christ's intercession in his human body in heaven, the resurrection of the body, and the future judgment."

We have already attempted to dispose of some difficulties attaching themselves to the popular view of the doctrines of the resurrection; but still more severe difficulties surround the awful and sublime creed of the church concerning the intercession of our blessed Lord in his human body in heaven. In the hope of relieving some minds, however slightly, we will endeavor to exhibit a few of the strong points of this fact.

Our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, as the Son of man, is a historical character, amenable to the laws of human knowledge. During his earthly career, therefore, he fulfilled such functions of humanity as put him upon a level with ourselves; he ate, drank, slept, talked, wept; and, up to the moment of his disappearance from the public gaze on the cross, his body presented the same appearances of humanity as the two malefactors who were crucified with him, with the further physical proofs of actual life and death manifested by the "blood and water" that flowed from his pierced side; and after his resurrection he afforded similar proofs of his terrestrial human nature by walking, eating, and discoursing. One of his disciples, too,

\* Rom. viii. 23. † Phil. iii. 21. ‡ Matt. x. 28.

was invited to obtain the evidences of at least two of the senses, the eye and the touch, in those plain words addressed by our Lord to Thomas—"Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God." (John xx. 27-29.) On Mount Olivet he conversed with his disciples as a man with men; and "while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight." (Acts i. 9.) In his bodily form he was seen to enter the cloud. Up to the very point, therefore, to which it was possible for the human senses to follow him, he wore the human form. These circumstances, which are supported by human evidence, give their strong support to the rest, which depends upon divine evidences. All is satisfactory as far as human faculties can trace facts; and beyond that precise boundary line, drawn by the necessity of the case, reason hands it over, with just confidence, to faith. Nothing, indeed, can be more satisfactory than the evidence of his ascent up to heaven in the bodily form up to the extremest limit at which such a fact could be cognizable by human senses. Of course the church's creed rests upon pure revelation; but still we rejoice to know that reason powerfully lends her aid in this case, so as to impose a lighter burden upon faith. In apportioning the division of the fourth article of the church between reason and faith; *reason* claims this share—"Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith he ascended into heaven;" and *faith* claims only this share—"and there sitteth, until he return to judge all men at the last day." We admit, of course, that the *modus existendi et operandi* is as much beyond the reach of the understanding as that of angels, or of God himself. But the fact itself and its results are certain, though every link of the chain which connects them together is stretched along a valley of impenetrable darkness. But is not this true also of the *modus operandi* of a natural fact? The fact of a grain of corn buried in the earth and the multitudinous results are bound by a chain as invisible to human eye as that which binds together the heavenly manhood of Jesus Christ with its multitudinous results exhibited in the nourishment of the church militant here on earth.

We have written thus, because it is the revealed future destiny of both body and soul that gives awful sanction to those laws which confine within strict limits the operations of both whilst on this earthly stage of their existence. The laws which are published for ruling the body are at least as clear as those respecting the soul. If the body is forever to be dissolved then there is no resurrection of the dead, and "if there be no resurrection of the dead then is not Christ raised; but Christ is risen from the dead," and therefore so shall his followers rise. But the word "resur-

rection" is literally applicable to the body only. Whatever dignity, therefore, belongs to this word is shared as much at least by the body as the soul, since the nomenclature itself refers to the former only. How, then, can the training of the body for its future destiny be a less honorable and peculiar work than that of the soul? The resurrection of Christ's body is to be the pattern of that of his followers: they are hereafter to be like him, for they shall see him as he is. And when the trump shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall have risen first, then shall the quick be caught up with them to meet the Lord in the air, having undergone a change of which probably his own afforded the pattern on its ascent from Mount Olivet, and which, therefore, will be the pattern of the new-raised bodies. The importance of the human body, which this view of its ultimate destination presents before the mind, cannot be easily overvalued. He who can clearly exhibit it as the starting point of his argument will enlist on his side such awful views as cannot fail of paving the way for the success of his continued appeals to obtain for it a permanent place amongst the governing principles of the Christian's life.

Mr. Evans assigns three causes for "the unhealthy state of the public mind at this day" as to the subject before us. The first is, that the popular knowledge of such a copious subject, which was demanded at the Reformation, implies a very compressed abridgment. Not only, therefore, were all the more learned works of antiquity to be set aside, but also the single volume of Scripture must be abridged. This could only be made by undue abstraction—that is, by spiritualism, which, as a system, left out all proper consideration for the body. Hence, in the popular theology, the resurrection of the body is lost in the immortality of the soul. The second is somewhat kindred with this. The third is attributed to the reaction from popery. Nothing could be more grossly material than popular popery before the Reformation; and hence, in running into extremes, as is usually the case with violent opponents, the evils of pure spiritualism would be necessarily generated. Any one may be able to realize this by considering the horror still entertained amongst certain classes of *any* peculiar observances which are found in the Romish Church. It is a sufficient proof with such of their falsehood, and a valid reason for their rejection, that they *are* found there, regarding that as a test of truth which supersedes the necessity of investigating whether they found support from Scripture or not. Hence, as Mr. Evans notes, some of the modern conversions to popery may be accounted for:—

No position is found so irksome—and, therefore, deemed so little worth the trouble of maintaining—by the idle and bustling spirits which such times foster, as that which is at rest between the vibratory notions which agitate with increasing activity to the very opposite extremes of truth. To

maintain it requires a knowledge of the critical points which lie between—a constant vigilance against undue preponderance—a careful balance of adverse claims by patient investigation—a firm moderation in assigning to either side its proper portion of right. It calls for attention, and not agitation—for observation, and not curiosity—for a standing and not a running fight—for an exact nomenclature and not a loose calling of names. (p. 12-13.)

We must, however, give especial prominence to one advantage that may result from reducing this subject to as definite a form as it is capable of receiving. There can be no doubt that the principal source of the manifold evils that pervade all ranks of society is to be traced up to illicit *sensuality*. Men who aspire to a high character for nobility of soul, and to mental states designated by such sounding words, are often even grossly sensual in private life. They who really feel that a falsehood or an act of dishonesty would inflict the deepest injury on their immaterial part, the soul, have yet to be taught that there are acts, of which they think lightly, which may as surely damage another element which is also a part of man's immortal whole, the body. Man's happiness and misery are complex now, depending upon the joint action of both body and soul. A healthy or unhealthy body will tend to impart its character to the soul, as a healthy or unhealthy soul will affect the body. These are axioms of our earthly existence. But the inquiry is, will all characteristics of the earthly body be so entirely effaced as in no way to affect its heavenly condition? The inquiry is solemn; and though the means of conducting it are shrouded in shade, or in darkness in which our way must be felt rather than seen, nevertheless the possible advantages of a temperate discussion of *probabilities* seem to justify us in offering some remarks upon it.

That the popular doctrine of complete pardon of sin obliterating all traces of its former effects, as taught and held by certain so-called Calvinists, is injurious to morals, cannot be denied by any one who has witnessed the consequences of this unqualified creed upon many who have embraced it. Our own frequent conversations with some whose active religious profession has constituted them Christians of higher mark in the world's judgment, upon the logical abuses of the dogmas of election and final perseverance, and our complaints of their operation in startling instances which were actually alleged as proofs, justify us in writing confidently upon this subject. "The greater the sinner the greater the saint" is one of those horrible maxims which is secretly believed by many; as well as another of great practical injury, that the character of the sins of God's people is to be illustrated by the merciful manner in which a fond father deals with a transgression in his own son, as compared with the severity shown towards a stranger. We are not putting these sayings in the mouths of the truly sincere, (who in fact never employ them,) but of

such as are seeking to justify conduct incompatible with the straightforward demands of Christianity, which are the highest forms, to say the least, of personal purity and morality.

The inquiry suggested by us, in the hope of offering some correcting views of the palpable evils of such lax and absurd opinions, is, as to the *permanent* effect upon the body or soul, or both, of certain *sins*—that is, of deviations from established *laws*, framed according to the natural constitution of either, and which, therefore, *cannot* be violated without positive injury, certainly temporary, and possibly permanent. The popular theology puts forth, as an unqualified proposition, the perfect happiness of the redeemed in heaven, as the result of perfect forgiveness; and, in this way of speaking, all the past evils of our lives are to disappear forever. Of course, we raise no doubts upon the scriptural view of perfect forgiveness; we only object to such a naked mode of putting it forward as shall offer encouragement, not to say a premium, for sin.

Abstract perfection can be predicated of God only—in all other cases it is relative. We can conceive of the perfect happiness of the infant, the child, the boy, the grown man, and the aged man; perfect—that is, as being free from all the evils possible to and incidental to their separate conditions; and perfect, as being neither above nor below the capacity bestowed upon each by nature—e. g., the joy which is so great as to break forth into tears we should not call perfect happiness. So the happiness of a blind man may be perfect according to his circumstances—that is, when he is quite resigned to living without the enjoyments of sight, as to a lot ordered, whether punitively or otherwise,\* by him who, he is conscious, cannot but act towards him from motives of love. And yet such a perfection of happiness cannot be compared with his, who, being in other respects this man's equal, is blessed with the advantages of sight. These illustrations are designed to afford suggestions only to aid the inquiry, whether it is improbable or impossible that a body which dissipation has permanently injured during its earthly probation, and consigned to days of almost uselessness and pain, will forever at death lose all traces of the past? Is it certain that this radically damaged body will be raised up with all the effects of these evils forever obliterated? Though some may choose to call such a question almost profane, yet we must propose it. Could we complain, if the body of one who, through life, consulted and acted upon the laws of nature and revelation in using it, should not be precisely circumstanced hereafter with his who prematurely corrupted or destroyed it in this world, by refusing to regulate its uses by laws either natural or revealed? It is certain that the forgiveness of God does not repair these evils in this life; will he, therefore, be required to blot out forever all traces of them in the next condition

\* See John ix. 2, 3.



of mankind, and so to leave no visible difference between him who used his earthly gift in advancing the good of his fellow-creatures, and him who used it in destroying the bodies and souls of the victims of his vices? For if we flinch not from taking in all the views which the subject presents, we must add this—many a true penitent has to look back upon individuals who have passed from the stage of life without one symptom of the spiritual change undergone by himself, and to whose premature death, and to the corruption of their bodies and souls that led to it, he was the first and direct minister. That the material and immaterial elements of his own being, too, had undergone many deteriorating changes in this world, in consequence of these vices, was visible to all. Must we, then, believe it to be impossible that no traces of all this will exist in the restored body? It seems quite incredible that there should not be differences as manifold in the second state of our existence as there are in the first. Which, then, is most agreeable to our notions of the righteous dealings of God, that these differences should be arbitrary, or that they should proceed according to laws founded upon our earthly probation? The popular notion is, that there will be differences, but that they will be spiritual ones only; but why not physical ones also? If the *spiritual* advantages of Abraham in the other world will doubtless exceed those of the repentant sensualist, why may not the *physical* advantages of the patriarch there, founded upon the body uncorrupted by vices in its earthly probation, exceed also those of the same man founded upon his body corrupted during its earthly probation? We are prepared for the ready answer furnished by the false logic of the parable. For can it in any practical sense be taken literally of two individuals, that he who has worked the whole day, and whose wearied body demands repose as the sole condition of its being able to work to-morrow, should be dealt with as he who began to labor only at the eleventh hour; and who, therefore, at least, cannot be weary and does not need repose? If questions imply much ignorance—and we are deeply conscious of ours—they also imply some knowledge; as the man who asks absurd questions about the inhabitants of the moon gives evidence that he, at least, *knows* that there is a moon; and so, if we are asked to give a direct answer to the question—do you believe that the temporal effects of crime upon the temporal body will, in some way, not wholly disappear from the glorified body?—we must reply, we can prove nothing, though we affirm that the question is founded upon some knowledge which not unnaturally led to it. And our angry adversary must make the same confession of ignorance in his reply to our inquiry, involving a supposition that the chaste and the unchaste body may be possibly distinguished from each other by some corresponding marks, which, though real, yet shall not interfere with the perfect happiness of each, according to its relative capacity for it. It is not usually supposed that the scars which cer-

tainly appeared in the risen body of our blessed Lord are obliterated in his glorified body; indeed, the popular creed, as embodied in a hymn which is confidently sung by thousands, assumes the fact:—

See where he stands at thy right hand,  
And pours the interceding prayer,  
Points to his hands, and shows his side,  
And says that I am graven there.

This (supposed) *fact* proves that the body does carry with it into the next state the scars of time without affecting its perfection.

We must again remark that we allude to possible and probable facts only, and not to any possible or probable *modes* of their exhibition. Of course, however, we do not suppose that the deforming appearances, superinduced upon some bodies by vice in this life, will appear so hereafter; but it is within the range of human probabilities that there may be *modes* of marking these, which shall not interfere with their assuming a place suited to them amongst heavenly bodies, as there must be some mode in which the scars of our blessed Lord are exhibited. Nor should we class such bodily imperfections as were the result of accident or of birth with those which proceeded from a vicious course; for the process by which the latter are brought about is usually slow, and therefore gradually, but thoroughly, affects the whole system.

Here we must pause, fully feeling, as we imagine the reader will, that we have ventured our frail bark far enough amidst the rocks and shoals of an unexplored sea. We ask grace for our boldness on account of the magnitude of the venture. We have been whispering some timid words, and dreaming a hope that they may not altogether perish from some memory in the hour when the trembling halter between two courses—sees another law in his members warring against the law of his mind—and seeking to bring him into captivity to the law of sin which is in his members. For such we have offered an hypothesis (*non omnis morietur*) that he who lays down a body freer from the marks of gross sensuality shall have bodily advantages hereafter superior to him who laid his down covered with the tokens of a polluting career. Far, indeed, are we from dogmatizing—rather we fear and tremble. But the bare hope that our frail argument may help some struggling spirit in its courageous efforts to ward off the stains and scars of sensuality has emboldened us to put forth a theory which, if it will offend some who may not be disinterested judges, may yet fall in good time upon the prepared and listening ear of some ἀρεστής ὁ πρὸς; and if so, great will be our reward!

We will now offer a few specimens of Mr. Evans' work, by way of showing the pleasure and profit which may be anticipated by such as will undertake to read it. The fascination of the work is greatly enhanced by some pretty descriptions of scenery, which may lead the curious reader to speculations upon the locality of "Valehead."

Indeed, those who have, like ourselves, again and again made acquaintance with the scenes and persons of that rectory in Eutopia will easily recognize in these pages the old wand, and rejoice to see that it has lost none of its virtues. The second chapter opens thus:—

Not long ago I used to attend a sick man whose house overhung the river Kent, and the chamber to which he was confined looked full upon what, in this country, is called a gill—namely, a mountain rill. It was seen leaping into the Kent from the opposite bank, with a fall shining amid dark foliage, and was heard in continual accompaniment, and neither unmusical nor impertinent did either of us think it, with our conversation, our reading, and our prayer. It seemed to say Amen—God's incessant outward working, denoted by its song, seconding with this lively symbol the sense of his continued inward working. Fresh with deep and solemn feelings and lively sympathy from this chamber of bodily suffering and spiritual rejoicing, I returned homeward through a scene of exquisite beauty and variety. After roving down a long succession of falls, and then hurrying with a darkened stream between overhanging ledges of rock, the river enters Leven's Park, and flows with a more gentle course through a lovely dingle, where the rock appears but here and there peeping through the branches of aged trees, and troops of deer are seen dashing through the fern of their wild pasture and then crossing the stream in a long file; and then, again, shaking off the wet in a light canter up the opposite bank. At the end of my walk, often have I wondered by what beginning I came upon the thoughts which I had brought home. I could, however, generally discover their fountain-head in the sick-room whence they emerged—even in my favorite stream from his still and lonely well among the fells—and took the shape of their varied course, like him, from the various scenery through which I had passed outwardly, and from the diversified ground of the heart through which they had flowed inwardly. (pp. 20, 21.)

Indeed, the dreamy lover of nature may envy Mr. Evans his power of turning such luxuries to a spiritual account; or, rather, he may learn from the examples of this work how to extract, from what but too often awakens only delightful emotions, permanent lessons of wisdom.

The chapter entitled "Considerations on the Intermediate State," will show the practical uses to which the author applies his theory. The following will explain to us how, during one of his rambles, he was led to this train of thinking:—

In returning from one of my lecture stations, about nine in the evening, I have to cross a wide steep walk along the mountain side. In the wintry nights, when it is very dark, I commonly go a little round, and guide myself by a stone wall, from the end of which I have then scarcely a furlong to cross to enclosures again; but, if starlight will allow me, I always prefer going straight over it for the sake of enjoying the gleam of the bay, and of the river winding as bright silver under the deep shade of Whitbarrow, whose white towering cliffs are seen softly breaking the darkness: and, above them all, is the full, uninterrupted expanse of heaven, holding forth its thousands of golden

lamps with a brightness which, in these mountainous regions, is undimmed by vapor. These cliffs, and the shining of the moon, then form part of my guidance; and at first I often experience the fate of those who, directing their way by objects too distant, fall against or into those which are near.

This last sentence suggests the spiritual theme; and Mr. Evans thus breaks forth, with all the advantages of one whose clerical labors have enlisted our sympathies:—

Having the present subject uppermost in my mind, it would occur to me that, in spiritual things, we are apt to look for guidance too remote, and neglect what lies before our feet. Who, then, can wonder at such stumbling as there is? We think to go by pure abstract spirit, and so far to neglect the province of the body that we find some actually laying it down as a rule that the further they go from bodily the nearer they come to spiritual. Thus they make man up of two opposite elements; and to a superficial view they do, indeed, appear opposite. One is palpable, visible, vulnerable, mortal; the other is impalpable, invisible, invulnerable, immortal. But, with all this, how is one a negation of the other? When we have in any way denied the body, do we insomuch necessarily advance into the spirit? When we starve the body, do we feed the spirit? When we humble the body, do we exalt the spirit? Such, indeed, is the doctrine of Gnosticism, Manicheism, &c., and, therefore, should be a beacon of warning to the Christian. (pp. 37, 38.)

To these errors, and the popular confusion of soul and spirit, (we still think that the terms *material* and *immaterial* may be made a sufficiently perfect generalization,) is traced up such a loose way of speaking as this—that "while the soul is represented as ascended into heaven the moment it has departed from the body, and standing before the throne (so inconsistently material is its language) in all the perfection of human bliss." Such a mode of thinking and speaking, of course, excludes the literalities of the day of judgment, and presents it, at best, "as a day of empty parade, in which souls are to come out of heaven and hell, in order to go back into heaven and hell." Hence also have arisen the heresies of those who consider our Lord's terrible and particular description as merely figurative. The inaccuracy of the popular language is further shown; for "in the same breath that speaks of the soul, it will speak of crowns and thrones and other bodily preparation receiving it from earth; but, when searchingly canvassed, it will be found to involve the notion that the resurrection is already past." Mr. Evans adds, that the tenet of the soul's entering heaven, before the day of the general resurrection of the dead, was a Gnostic error; and that modern Romanism is deeply interested in maintaining it, on the ground of its creed concerning the offices of the saints.

Another cause alleged by Mr. Evans, for the disappearance from our popular theology of the intermediate state, is the fear lest the Romish doctrine of purgatory should find countenance in it. The proper reply to this is, that the inter-

mediate state is a fact of revelation, (Luke xxiii. 43,) whilst purgatory is a human deduction from or graft upon it. Some of the arguments, indeed, in favor of this state, here adduced, seem to us exceedingly weak and scarcely needing refutation—for example, it has been objected, says Mr. Evans, that “an intermediate state of imperfect bliss reasonably demands our prayers for its termination to those who are in it; and that the doctrine, therefore, essentially includes all the errors and abuses which flow from the Romish doctrine.” It appears to us, however, to be most presumptuous—the presumption of intellects which have never ascertained the boundary line of human knowledge—to speculate upon the unrevealed *wants* or *wishes* of the disembodied spirit. Would the crucified malefactor, who found himself on the day of his death “in Paradise” instead of a place of penal banishment, thank any mortal for asking God that he might pass on to a place of more perfect felicity? If we could overcome our consciousness of the impertinence of speculating upon the unrevealed privacies of that sacred home, we should judge that the disembodied spirits find there all the happiness they are *capable* of enjoying in their isolated condition; one element of earthly misery being most certainly excluded—discontentment with their lot. Indeed, it has always appeared to us that it would be infinitely more reasonable that *they* should pray for us than that *we* should pray for them; as, whilst they well know from past experience our real wants and circumstances, we know nothing whatever of theirs. It has been said, by way of defence, that, in the burial services of our church, there occurs a petition which justifies the practice of private prayers for the departed—“That it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect and to hasten thy kingdom.” We ourselves, however, have never been accustomed to put such an interpretation upon it. According to our version of the words, they refer only to those who are of the church militant here on earth. In uttering them we intend to pray that the changes alluded to may take place, not for the sake of those faithful ones whose souls, it is just before said, are “in joy and felicity,” but for such as are still exposed to the risks of the earthly conflict; and this we believe to be the true meaning, notwithstanding Mr. Evans gives to it another.

How then, it is asked, can the body be that insignificant portion of man to which spiritualism seeks to reduce it, since the condition of the soul will be incomplete without it? Nor do the disparaging words occasionally used in the Bible towards the body justify this theory of its unworthiness; for, if St. Paul speaks of the present body as one of humiliation, yet he contrasts this state with its future conformity to the body of the glory of Christ;\* and if he speaks of the dissolution of the tabernacle, which, through its sinfulness, now extorts groans, yet he speaks also of the heavenly

body.\* There are also definite views of the future happiness of the corporeal being which are altogether wanting to the spiritualist. Nearly all, if not all, the descriptions of the ultimate happiness of such as shall dwell in the Christian's heaven, whether set forth negatively or positively, are addressed to beings whose knowledge and enjoyments must depend upon what we now call the senses, however they will then be modified; they must have *eyes*, for they shall *see* him as he is; they must have the organs of speech, or they cannot sing the song of Moses and the Lamb; they must have *ears*, or their performance upon the golden harp will be but a dumb show; they must have *hands*, or they cannot strike the strings of their heavenly lyres. And what corporeal being can form *any* notion of a “mansion” and “a place,” (John xiv. 2,) unless they be such as a corporeal being must occupy? Now, let it be supposed that these inlets and instruments of our purest enjoyments and knowledge shall be expanded wide, broad, deep, and high—so that not only shall the eye take in, by means of the telescope as now, a few superficial accidents of the planet which is holding on its path at the distance of millions of miles from us, but shall then, without any such artificial aid, penetrate into its very heart, and there ecstatically gaze upon such wonders of love, and power, and beauty of the divine architect, as the revelations of this earthly planet never laid bare before his most passionate adorer; and let the future power of the *ear*, thus indefinitely expanded to convey happiness, be judged of by the bliss which it once carried to the patriarch's soul as he heard these words, “Joseph is yet alive;” and the future power of the *eye*, by the bliss which it conveyed to the soul of the same father “when he *saw* the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him,” and when he caught the first glimpse of his beloved son as the chariot in which he was riding came in sight of Goshen—all this is quite intelligible; it is only to conceive that he who has limited these powers of our present corporeal organization to suit the circumstances of this planet should place it where those powers will find no such impediments to their indefinite development and exercise, and where every evil accident, which sin has attached to it, will be forever removed. How vastly different is all this from those vague views of the nature of future happiness which are derived from considerations of the bodiless soul! The imagery of Scripture, if applied to that alone, becomes pointless and a compound of unintelligible metaphors. If, too, through these views, one of the fellow-laborers in the earthly probation is denied his claims, then, openly or secretly, the opinions of the Mystics will exert their influence. “The flesh is the beast (says one) which you may belabor.” “Let it wallow through the mire (says another;) what matters it to the soul which stands aloft pure and sublime, and deigns not to look down?” Then comes the worst refinement of the Quietists—“If the inferior part do not sin, the superior becomes uplifted, which is

\* Phil. iii. 21.

\* 2 Cor. v. 1, 2.



the greatest of all sins; therefore the flesh must sin to preserve this humility of the soul; as sin produces this humility, it becomes a ladder to ascend to heaven."\* Such notions as these, alike destructive of earthly purity and power, can find no place in that system which regards both the body and the soul as alike the workmanship of God, and as alike, therefore, claiming our reverence; and which is framed, moreover, upon the clear declarations of revelation, that, though death will separate them for a period, yet an everlasting union between them shall be effected, the minutest peculiarities of which will depend upon the character of the earthly probation. "Skin for skin, (says Job,) all that a man hath, will he give for his life." If, then, the dissolution of these companions is, even in this world where both are so tormented, the grand evil that mars happiness, and which he will sacrifice all to avert, what bliss may not that union be productive of when it shall have been effected under circumstances prohibiting all fear of another separation, and perfectly calculated to aid the full development of their joint resources?

And now (Mr. Evans concludes) let us return from these considerations to the practical lessons which they give us concerning our treatment of this present body. We have to regard it not only as the present receptacle of immortal soul and spirit, but also as the seed of that which is to stand on the last day before the judgment-seat of Christ, when all men will receive according to that they have done, whether it be good or evil. We must, therefore, in all our conduct in it, maintain a watchful reference forward to its fitness to be in the company of Christ and to his body, to which, if fit, it will be like. And we must regard it with an immediate view as to our being while here mystically members of his body; and we must look back with an awful reference to his suffering body, as having been offered for us; thus, however temporary may be its present state, its relations are spiritual and eternal. Let us, then, look well to its state of preparation for such excellence—let us take heed to its furniture.—(p. 57.)

We have already said that we cannot coincide with all the theories and ingenious deductions of Mr. Evans' work. He appears to forget that his own lively imagination is very far from being a general gift, though not a little that he has written makes its appeal to no other faculty. Whatever imperfections, however, such a work must necessarily imply, we can promise the student of it both gratification and certain reward. The following are the subjects of some of the chapters, which may well attract attention for their importance:—"On the Sanctification of the Body with reference to Outward Forms—first, those ordained by Christ; secondly, those of apostolical or human institution; and, thirdly, with reference to the limit assignable to its typical inclination;" "On the Visibility of the Church as to its Members and as to its Ministry;" "On our Relation to Superior Creatures;" "On Judgment Present and Future."

\* Michelet's Priests, &c., chap. vii.

That great moral and spiritual advantages ought to result from introducing this ample and thoroughly practical theme into our pulpit teachings appears certain. Much judgment, however, would be required in using the materials here supplied. The very word *body* is so suggestive of sin that its frequent use might for some time be almost a stumbling-block. But this is not a valid excuse for evading such a subject, but only a suggestion for prudence in the careful management of words and details.

OBLIGATION TO BRUTES.—Brutes are sensitive beings, capable of, probably, as great degrees of physical pleasure and pain as ourselves. They are endowed with instinct, which is probably a form of intellect inferior to our own, but which, being generically unlike to ours, we are unable to understand. They differ from us chiefly in being destitute of any moral faculty. We do not stand to them in the relation of equality. Our right is paramount, and must extinguish theirs. We have therefore a right to use them, to promote our comfort, and may innocently take their life, if our necessities demand it. This right over them is given to us by the revealed will of God. But inasmuch as they, like ourselves, are the creatures of God, we have no right to use them in any other manner than that which God has permitted. They, as much as ourselves, are under his protection. We may therefore use them, 1st, for our necessities. We are designed to subsist partly upon animal food; and we may innocently slay them for this purpose. 2d. We may use them for labor, or for innocent physical recreation, as when we employ the horse for draught or for the saddle. 3d. But while we so use them, we are bound to treat them kindly, to furnish them sufficient food and with convenient shelter. He who cannot feed a brute well, ought not to own one. And when we put them to death, it should be with the least possible pain. 4th. We are forbidden to treat them unkindly on any pretence, or for any reason. There can be no clearer indication of a degraded and ferocious temper than cruelty to animals. Hunting, in many cases, and horse-racing, seem to me liable to censure in this respect. Why should a man, for the sake of showing his skill as a marksman, shoot down a poor animal, which he does not need for food? Why should not the brute, that is harming no living thing, be permitted to enjoy the happiness of its physical nature unmolested? "There they are privileged; and he who hurts or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong." 5th. Hence all amusements which consist in inflicting pain upon animals, such as bull-baiting, cock-fighting, &c., are purely wicked. God never gave us power over animals for such purposes. I can scarcely conceive of a more revolting exhibition of human nature than that which is seen when men assemble to witness the misery which brutes inflict upon each other. Surely nothing can tend more directly to harden men in worse than brutal ferocity!—*Wayland's Moral Science*.

STEAM CRADLE.—An ingenious mechanic, in one of the southern cities, say the American papers, has made a small engine to rock his child's cradle. The length of the engine and boiler is 18½ inches. It is about two woman power, and is a great curiosity.

From the Examiner.

*Narrative of the Expedition sent by her Majesty's Government to the river Niger in 1841, under the command of Captain H. D. Trotter, R. N. By Captain WILLIAM ALLEN, R. N., Commander of H. M. S. Wilberforce, and T. R. H. THOMSON, M. D., one of the medical officers of the Expedition. Published with the sanction of the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. Two vols. Bentley.*

It might be laid down as a very good general rule of social and political guidance, that whatever Exeter Hall champions, is the thing by no means to be done. If it were harmless on a cursory view, if it even appeared to have some latent grain of common sense at the bottom of it—which is a very rare ingredient in any of the varieties of gruel that are made thick and slab by the weird old women who go about, and exceedingly roundabout, on the Exeter Hall platform—such advocacy might be held to be a final and fatal objection to it, and to any project capable of origination in the wisdom or folly of man.

The African Expedition, of which these volumes contain the melancholy history, is in no respect an exception to the rule. Exeter Hall was hot in its behalf, and it failed. Exeter Hall was hottest on its weakest and most hopeless objects, and in those it failed (of course) most signally. Not, as Captain Allen justly claims for himself and his gallant comrades, not through any want of courage and self-devotion on the part of those to whom it was intrusted;—the sufferings of all, the deaths of many, the dismal wear and tear of stout frames and brave spirits, sadly attest the fact;—but because, if the ends sought to be attained are to be won, they must be won by other means than the exposure of inestimable British lives to certain destruction by an enemy against which no gallantry can contend, and the enactment of a few broad farces for the entertainment of a King Obi, King Boy, and other such potentates, whose respect for the British force is, doubtless, likely to be very much enhanced by their relishing experience of British credulity in such representations, and our perfect impotency in opposition to their climate, their falsehood, and deceit.

The main ends to be attained by the expedition were these: The abolition, in great part, of the slave-trade, by means of treaties with native chiefs, to whom were to be explained the immense advantages of general unrestricted commerce with Great Britain in lieu thereof; the substitution of free for slave labor in the dominions of those chiefs; the introduction into Africa of an improved system of agricultural cultivation; the abolition of human sacrifices; the diffusion among those pagans of the true doctrines of Christianity; and a few other trifling points, no less easy of attainment. A glance at this short list, and a retrospective glance at the great number of generations during which they have all been comfortably settled in our own civilized land, never more to be the subjects of dispute, will tend materially to remove any aspect of slight difficulty they may present. To make

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the treaties, certain officers of the expedition were constituted her majesty's commissioners. To render them attractive to the native chiefs, a store of presents was provided. And to enforce them, "one or more small forts" were to be built, on land to be bought for the purpose on the banks of the Niger; which forts were "to assist in the abolition of the slave trade, and further the innocent trade of her majesty's subjects. The Niger was to be explored, the resources and productions of the country were to be inquired into and reported on, and various important and scientific observations, astronomical, geographical, and otherwise, were to be made; but these were by the way. A model-farm was to be established by an agricultural society at home; and besides allowing stowage-room on board the ships for its various stores, implements, &c., the admiralty granted a free passage to Mr. Alfred Carr, a West Indian gentleman of color, engaged as its superintendent. By all these means combined, as Dr. Lushington and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton wrote to Lord John Russell, who was then colonial secretary, the people of Africa were "to be awakened to a proper sense of their own degradation."

On this awakening mission three vessels were appointed. They were flat-bottomed iron steam-vessels, built for the purpose. The *Albert* and the *Wilberforce*, each 139 feet 4 inches in length, and 27 feet in breadth of beam, and drawing 6 feet water, were in all respects exactly alike. The *Soudan*, intended for detached service, was much smaller, and drew a foot and a half less water. They were very ingeniously conceived, with certain rudder-tails and sliding keels for sea service; but they performed most unaccountable antics in bad weather, and had a perverse tendency to go to leeward, which nothing would conquer. Dr. Reid fitted them up with what "My Lords" describe as "an ingenious and costly" ventilating apparatus, the preparation of which occasioned a loss of much valuable time, and the practical effect of which was to suffocate the crews. "That truly amiable prince," the Prince Consort, came on board at Woolwich, and gave a handsome gold chronometer to each of the three captains. The African Civilization Society came down with a thousand pounds. The Church of England Missionary Society provided a missionary and a catechist. Exeter Hall, in a ferment, was forever blocking up the gangway. At last, on the 12th of May, 1841, at half-past six in the morning, the line-of-battle ships anchored in Plymouth Sound gave three cheers to the expedition as it steamed away, unknowing, for "the Gate of the Cemetery." Such was the sailors' name, thereafter, for the entrance to the fatal river whither they were bound.

At Sierra Leone, in the middle of June following, the interpreters were taken on board, together with some liberated Africans, their wives and children, who were engaged there by Mr. Carr as laborers on the model farm. Also, a large gang of Krumen to assist in working the vessels, and

to save the white men as much as possible from exposure to the sun and heavy rains. Of these negroes—a faithful, cheerful, active, affectionate race—a very interesting account is given; which seems to render it clear that they, under civilized direction, are the only hopeful human agents to whom recourse can ultimately be had for aid in working out the slow and gradual raising up of Africa. Those eminent Krumen, Jack Frying Pan, King George, Prince Albert, Jack Sprat, Bottle-of-Beer, Tom Tea Kettle, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and some four-score others, enrolled themselves on the ship's books, here, under Jack Andrews, their head man; and these being joined, at Cape Palmas, by Jack Smoke, Captain Allen's faithful servant and attendant in sickness on his former African expedition, the complement was complete. Thence the expedition made for Cape Coast Castle, where much valuable assistance was derived from Governor Maclean; and thence for the Nun branch of the Niger—the Gate of the Cemetery.\*

After a fortnight's voyage up the river the royal residence of King Obi was reached. A solemn conference with this sovereign was soon afterwards held on board the Albert. His Majesty was dressed "in a serjeant-major's coat, given him by Lander, and a loose pair of scarlet trousers, presented to him on the same occasion," and "a conical black velvet cap was stuck on his head in a slauting manner." The following extracts describe the process of

## TREATY-MAKING WITH OBI.

[We omit most of the extracts, which are contained in a former article of the Living Age.]

He seemed to be highly amused on our describing the difficulties the slave-dealers have to encounter in the prosecution of the trade; and on one occasion, he laughed immoderately when told that our cruisers often captured slave-ships, with the cargo on board. We suspected, however, that much of his amusement arose from his knowing that slaves were shipped off at parts of the coast little thought

\* Most English readers will be as unwilling as the many writers of these volumes, to leave one spot at Cape Coast Castle, without a word of remembrance.

"In passing across the square within the walls, an object of deep interest presents itself in the little space containing all that was mortal of the late Mrs. M'Lean; the once well known, amiable and accomplished L. E. L. A plain marble slab, bearing the following inscription, is placed over the spot:

Hic jacet sepultum,  
Omne quod mortale fuit  
LETITIE ELIZABETHÆ M'LEAN,  
Quam egregia ornata indole, Musis  
Unice amatam. Omniumque amores,  
Secum trahentem; in ipso etatis flore,  
Mors immatura rapuit.

Die Octobris, xv., MDCCCXXXVIII. Ætatis XXXVI.  
Quod spectas viator marmor vanum  
Heu doloris monumentum  
Conjux mærens erexit.

"The beams of the setting sun throw a rich but subdued coloring over the place, and as we stood in sad reflection on the fate of the gifted poetess, some fine specimens of the *Hirundo Senegalensis*, or African swallow, fluttered gracefully about, as if to keep watch over a spot sacred indeed to the Muses; while the noise of the surf, breaking on the not distant shore, seemed to murmur a requiem over departed genius."

of by us. The abundance of Brazilian rum in Abòh, showed that they often traded with nations who have avowedly no other object.

It is not difficult to imagine that Obi was "highly amused" with the whole "palaver," except when the recollection of its interposing between him and the presents made him restless. For nobody knew better than Obi what a joke it all was, as the result very plainly showed.

*Commissioners.*—Understanding you have sovereign power, can you seize slaves on the river?

*Obi.*—Yes.

*Commissioners.*—You must set them free.

*Obi.*—Yes (*snapping his fingers several times.*)

*Commissioners.*—The boats must be destroyed.

*Obi.*—I will break the canoe, but kill no one.

*Commissioners.*—Suppose a man-of-war takes a canoe, and it is proved to be a slaver, the officer's word must be taken by the king. You Obi, or some one for you, can be present to see justice done.

*Obi.*—I understand.

*Commissioners.*—Any new men coming henceforth to Abòh are not to be made slaves.

*Obi.*—Very good.

*Commissioners.*—If any king, or other person, sends down slaves, Obi must not buy them.

*Obi.*—I will not go to market to sell slaves.

*Commissioners.*—Any white men that are enslaved are to be made free.

The commissioners here alluded to the case of the Landers; and asked Obi if he did not remember the circumstance of their being detained some time as slaves. Obi, turning round to his sons and headmen, appealed to them, and then denied all knowledge of Lander's detention.

*Commissioners.*—British people who settle in Abòh must be treated as friends, in the same way as Obi's subjects would be if they were in England.

*Obi.*—What you say to me I will hold fast, and perform.

*Commissioners.*—People may come here, and follow their own religion without annoyance? Our countrymen will be happy to teach our religion, without which blessing we should not be so prosperous, as a nation, as we now are.

*Obi.*—Yes, let them come; we shall be glad to hear them.

*Commissioners.*—British people may trade with your people; but whenever it may be in Abòh, one twentieth part of the goods sold is to be given to the king. Are you pleased with this?

*Obi.*—Yes—"makka."—It is good (*snapping his fingers.*)

*Commissioners.*—Is there any road from Abòh to Benin.

*Obi.*—Yes.

*Commissioners.*—They must all be open to the English.

*Obi.*—Yes.

*Commissioners.*—All roads in England are open alike to all foreigners.

*Obi.*—In this way of trade I am agreeable.

*Commissioners.*—Will Obi let the English build, cultivate, buy and sell, without annoyance?

*Obi.*—Certainly.

*Commissioners.*—If your people do wrong to them, you will punish them?

*Obi.*—They shall be judged, and if guilty, punished.

*Commissioners.*—When the English do wrong,



Obi must send word to an English officer, who will come and hold a palaver. You must not punish white people.

*Obi.*—I assent to this. (*He now became restless and impatient.*)

*Commissioners.*—If your people contract debts with the English they must be made to pay them.

*Obi.*—They shall be punished if they do not.

*Commissioners.*—The queen may send an agent?

*Obi.*—If any Englishman comes to reside, I will show him the best place to build a house, and render him every assistance.

*Commissioners.*—Obi must also give every facility for forwarding letters, &c., down the river, so that the English officer who receives them may give a receipt, and also a reward for sending them.

*Obi.*—Very good (*snapping his fingers.*)

*Commissioners.*—Have you any opportunity of sending to Bonny?

*Obi.*—I have some misunderstanding with the people intermediate between Abôh and Bonny; but I can do it through the Brass people.

*Commissioners.*—Will you agree to supply men-of-war with fire-wood, provisions, &c. &c., at a fair and reasonable price.

*Obi.*—Yes, certainly.

Obi concluded the conference by remarking very emphatically "that he wanted this palaver settled; that he was tired of so much talking, and that he wished to go on shore." He finally said, with great impatience, "that this slave palaver was all over now, and he did n't wish to hear anything more of it."

The upshot of the slave palaver was, that Obi agreed to every article of the proposed treaty, and plighted his troth to it then and there, amidst a prodigious beating of tom-toms, which lasted all night. Of course he broke the treaty on the first opportunity, (being one of the falsest rascals in Africa,) and went on slave-dealing vigorously. When the expedition became helpless and disabled, newly-captured slaves, chained down to the bottoms of canoes, were seen passing along the river in the heart of this same Obi's dominions.

The following is curious :

#### OBI ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

28th.—Agreeably to his promise, Obi Osai went on board the Albert this morning, where he was received by Captain Trotter and the commissioners, with whom he breakfasted. His dress was not so gay as on his visit of yesterday, being merely a cotton jacket and trousers, much in want of a laundress, a red cap on his head, and some strings of coral and teeth of wild beasts round his neck, wrists, and ankles. He entered frankly into the views previously explained to him, and assented unhesitatingly to all required from him. It was, however, necessary that the treaty, which had been drawn up on the basis of the draft furnished by Lord John Russell, with the addition of some articles relating especially to the free navigation of the river, should be again read and explained to Obi and his principal headmen, especially the heir-presumptive, and the chief Ju-ju man, much to their annoyance; and as all this occupied a long while, apparently to very little purpose, he completely turned against ourselves the charge we made against

the black people—of not knowing the value of time. In agreeing to the additional article, binding the chief and his people to the discontinuance of the horrid custom of sacrificing human beings, Obi very reasonably inquired what should be done with those who might deserve death as punishment for the commission of great crimes.

Something very like this question of Obi's has been asked, one or twice, by the very government which sent out these "devil ships," or steamers, to remodel his affairs for him; and the point has not been settled yet.

Now let us review this diplomacy for a moment. Obi, though a savage in a serjeant-major's coat, may claim with master Slender, and perhaps with better reason, to be "not altogether an ass." Obi knows, to begin with, that the English government maintains a blockade, the object of which is, to prevent the exportation of slaves from his native coasts, and which is inefficient and absurd. The very mention of it sets him a laughing. Obi, sitting on the quarter-deck of the Albert, looking slyly out from under his savage forehead and his conical cap, sees before him her majesty's white commissioners from the distant blockade-country gravely propounding, at one sitting, a change in the character of his people (formed, essentially, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, by the soil they work on and the air they breath)—the substitution of a religion it is utterly impossible he can appreciate or understand, be the mutual interpretation never so exact and never so miraculously free from confusion, for that in which he has been bred, and with which his priest and jugglers subdue his subjects—the entire subversion of his whole barbarous system of trade and revenue—and the uprooting, in a word, of all his, and his nation's, preconceived ideas, methods, and customs. In return for this, the white men are to trade with him by means of ships that are to come there one day or other; and are to quell infractions of the treaty by means of other white men, who are to learn how to draw the breath of life there, by some strong charm they certainly have not discovered yet. Can it be supposed that on this earth there lives a man who better knows than Obi, leering round upon the river's banks, the dull dead mangrove trees, the slimy and decaying earth, the rotting vegetation, that these are shadowy promises and shadowy threats, which he may give to the hot winds? In any breast in the white group about him, is there a dark presentiment of death (the pestilential air is heavier already with such whispers, to some nobler hearts) half so certain as this savage's foreknowledge of the fate fast closing in? In the mind's eye of any officer or seamen looking on, is there a picture of the bones of white men bleaching in a pestilential land, and of the timbers of their poor, abandoned, pillaged ships, showing, on the shore, like gigantic skeletons, half so vivid as Obi's? "Too much palaver," says Obi, with good reason. "Give me the presents and let me go home, and beat my tom-toms all night long, for joy!"

Yet these were the means by which the African people were to be awakened to a proper sense of their own degradation. For the conclusion of such treaties with such powers, the useful lives of scholars, students, mariners, and officers—more precious than a wilderness of Africans—were thrown away.

There was another monarch at another place on the Niger, a certain Attàh of Iddàh, "whose feet, inclosed in very large red leather boots, surrounded with little bells, dangled carelessly over the side of the throne," who spoke through a state functionary, called the king's mouth, and who had this very orthodox notion of the Divine right: "God made me after his image; I am all the same as God; and he appointed me a king." With this good old sovereign a similar scene was enacted; and he, too, promised everything that was asked, and was particularly importunate to see the presents. He, also, was very much amused by the missionary's spectacles, it was supposed; and as royalty in those parts must not smile in public, the fan-bearers found it necessary to hide his face very often. The Attàh dines alone—like the Pope—and is equally infallible. Some land for the Model Farm was purchased of him, and the settlement established. The reading of the deed was very patiently attended to, "unless," say the writers of these volumes, with the frankness which distinguishes them—"unless we mistook apathy for such a laudable bearing."

So much is done towards the great awakening of the African people. But by this time the expedition has been in the river five weeks; fever has appeared on board of all the ships in the river; for the last three days, especially, it has progressed with terrible rapidity. On board the Soudan only six persons can move about. On board the Albert the assistant-surgeon lies at the point of death. On board the Wilberforce several are nearly at the same pass. Another day, and sixty, in all, are sick, and thirteen dead. "Nothing but muttering delirium or suppressed groans are heard on every side on board the vessels." Energy of character and strength of hope are lost, even among those not yet attacked. One officer, remarkable for fortitude and resignation, bursts into tears on being addressed, and being asked the reason, replies that it is involuntary weakness produced by the climate; though it afterwards appears that, "in addition to this cause, he has been disheartened, during a little repose snatched from his duties, by a feverish dream of home and family." An anxious consultation is held. Captain Trotter decides to send the sick back to the sea, in the Soudan, but Captain Allen knows the river will begin to fall straightway, and that the most unhealthy season will set in, and places his opinion on record that the ships had better all return, and make no further effort, at that time, to ascend the river.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE SICK.

The Soudan was accordingly got ready with the utmost possible dispatch, to receive her melancholy

cargo, and Commander W. Allen was directed to send his sick on board. That officer, however, feeling perfectly convinced from his former experience of the river, and the present condition of the crews, that in a very short time H. M. S. Wilberforce would be reduced to the necessity of following the Soudan, requested permission to send such only of the sick as might desire to go; especially as he considered—in which his surgeon, Dr. Pritchett, concurred—that the removal of the men in the state in which some of them were, would be attended with great risk. Only six expressed a wish to leave, the others, sixteen in number, preferred to remain by their ship. One man, on being asked whether he would like to go, said he thought we had got into a very bad place, and the sooner we were out of it the better, but he would stay by his ship.

In order to have as much air as possible for the sufferers, and to keep them from the other men, Commander W. Allen had a large screened berth fitted on the upper deck, in the middle of the vessel, well protected from the sun, and the dews at night, by thick awnings, from which was suspended a large punkah.

*Sunday, 19th.*—The Soudan came alongside the Wilberforce to receive our invalids, who took a melancholy farewell of their officers and mess-mates.

Prayers were read to the crews of both vessels. It was an affecting scene. The whole of one side of the little vessel was covered with invalids, and the cabins were full of officers; there was, indeed, no room for more.

The separation from so many of our companions under such circumstances could not be otherwise than painful to all:—the only cheering feature was in the hope that the attenuated beings who now departed would soon be within the influence of a more favorable climate, and that we might meet under happier auspices.

In a short time the steam was got up, and our little consort—watched by many commiserating eyes—rapidly glided out of view.

Only two or three days have elapsed since this change was effected, and now the Wilberforce has thirty-two men sick of the fever, leaving only thirteen, officers and seamen, capable of duty. She, too, returns to the sea, on Captain Allen's renewed protest and another council; and the Albert goes on up the melancholy river alone.

#### THE WILBERFORCE ON HER RETURN.

We proceeded through these narrow and winding reaches with feelings very different to those we experienced in ascending the river. Then the elasticity of health and hope gave to the scenery a coloring of exceeding loveliness. The very silence and solitude had a soothing influence which invited to meditation and pleasing anticipations for the future. Now it was the stillness of death—broken only by the strokes and echoes of our paddle-wheels and the melancholy song of the leadsmen, which seemed the knell and dirge of our dying comrades. The palm trees, first so graceful in their drooping leaves, were now gigantic hearse-like plumes.

So she drops down to Fernando Po, where the Soudan is lying, on whose small and crowded decks death has been, and is still, busy. Commanding officer, surgeons, seamen, engineers,

marines, all sick, many dead. Captain Allen, with the sick on board the Wilberforce, sails for Ascension, as a last hope of restoring the sick ; and the Soudan is sent back to assist the Albert. She meets her coming out at the Gate of the Cemetery ; thus :

#### THE ALBERT ON HER RETURN.

It was a lovely morning, and the scenery about the river looked very beautiful, affording a sad contrast to the dingy and deserted look of the "Albert."

Many of course were the painful surmises as to the fate of those on board. On approaching, however, the melancholy truth was soon told. The fever had been doing its direst work ; several were dead, many dying, and of all the officers, but two, Drs. McWilliam and Stanger, were able to move about. The former presented himself and waved his hand, and one emaciated figure was seen to be raised up for a second time. This was Captain Trotter, who, in his anxiety to look at the "Soudan" again, had been lifted out of his cot.

A spectacle more full of painful contemplation could scarcely have been witnessed. Slowly and portentously, like a plague-ship filled with its dead and dying, onward she moved in charge of her generous pilot, Mr. Beecroft. Who would have thought that little more than two months previously she had entered that same river with an enterprising crew, full of life, and buoyant with bright hopes of accomplishing the objects on which all had so ardently entered !

The narrative of the Albert's solitary voyage, which occupied about a month, is given from the journal of Dr. McWilliam, and furnishes, to our thinking, one of the most remarkable instances of quiet courage and unflinching constancy of purpose that is to be found in any book of travel ever written. The sickness spreading, Captain Trotter falling very ill, officers, engineers, and men, lying alike disabled, and the Albert's head turned, in the necessity of despair, once more towards the sea, the two doctors on board, Dr. McWilliam and Dr. Stanger—names that should ever be memorable and honored in the history of truly heroic enterprise—took upon themselves, in addition to the duty of attending the sick, the task of navigating the ship down the river. The former took charge of her, the latter worked the engines, and, both persevering by day and night—through all the horrors of such a voyage, with their friends raving and dying around them, and some, in the madness of the fever leaping overboard—brought her in safety to the sea. We would fain hope this feat will live, in Dr. McWilliam's few, plain, and modest words ; and, better yet, in the grateful remembrance handed down by the survivors of this fatal expedition when the desperate and cruel courage of whole generations of the world shall have fallen into oblivion.

Calling at the Model Farm as they came down the Niger, they found the superintendent, Mr. Carr, and the schoolmaster and gardener—both Europeans—lying prostrate with fever. These were taken on board the Albert and brought away for the restoration of their health ; and the settlement

—now mustering about forty natives, in addition to the people brought from Sierra Leone—was left in the charge of one Ralph Moore, an American negro emigrant.

The rest of the sad story is soon told. The sea-breeze blew too late on many wasted forms, to shed its freshness on them for their restoration, and Death, Death, Death, was aboard the Albert day and night. Captain Trotter, as the only means of saving his life, was with difficulty prevailed on to return to England ; and after a long delay at Ascension and in the Bay of Amboises, (in the absence of instructions from the Colonial Office,) and when the expedition, under Captain Allen, was on the eve of another hopeless attempt to ascend the Niger, it was ordered home. It being necessary to revisit the Model Farm, in obedience to orders, Lieutenant Webb, Captain Allen's first officer immediately volunteered for that service ; and with the requisite number of officers, and a black crew, took command of the Wilberforce, and once again went boldly up the fatal Niger. Disunion and dismay were rife at the Model Farm, on their arrival there ; Mr. Carr, who had returned from Fernando Po when restored to health, had been murdered—by direction of "King Boy," it would appear, and not without strong suspicion of coöperation on the part of our friend Obi—and the settlement was abandoned. Obi (though he is somewhat unaccountably complimented by Dr. McWilliam) came out in his true colors on the Wilberforce's return, and, not being by any means awakened to a proper sense of his own degradation, appears to have evinced an amiable intention of destroying the crew and seizing the ship. Being baffled in this design, however, by the coolness and promptitude of Lieutenant Webb and his officers, the white men happily left him behind in his own country, where he is no doubt ready at this moment, if still alive, to enter into any treaty that may be proposed to him, with presents to follow ; and to be "highly amused" again on the subject of the slave trade, and to beat his tom-toms all night long for joy.

The fever, which wrought such terrible desolation on this and the preceding expedition, becomes a subject of painful interest to the readers of these volumes. The length to which our notice has already extended, prevents our extracting, as we had purposed, the account of it which is given in the present narrative. Of the predisposing causes, little can be positively stated ; for the most delicate chemical tests failed to detect, in the air or water, the presence of those deleterious gases which were very confidently supposed to exist in both. It is preceded either by a state of great prostration, or great excitement, and unnatural indifference ; it develops itself on board ship about the fifteenth day after the ascent of the river is commenced ; a close and sultry atmosphere without any breeze stirring, is the atmosphere most unfavorable to it ; it appears to yield to calomel in the first instance, and strong doses of quinine afterwards, more than to any other remedies ; and it is remarkable that



in cases of "total abstinence" patients, it seems from the first to be hopelessly and surely fatal.

The history of this expedition is the history of the past, in reference to the heated visions of philanthropists for the railroad Christianization of Africa and the abolition of the slave trade. May no popular cry, from Exeter Hall or elsewhere, ever make it, as to one single ship, the history of the future! Such means are useless, futile, and we will venture to add—in despite of hats broad-brimmed or shovel-shaped, and coats of drab or black, with collars or without—wicked. No amount of philanthropy has a right to waste such valuable life as was squandered here, in the teeth of all experience and feasible pretence of hope. Between the civilized European and the barbarous African there is a great gulf set. The air that brings life to the latter brings death to the former. In the mighty revolutions of the wheel of time, some change in this regard may come about; but in this age of the world, all the white armies and white missionaries of the world would fall, as withered reeds, before the rolling of one African river. To change the customs even of civilized and educated men, and impress them with new ideas, is—we have good need to know it—a most difficult and slow proceeding; but to do this by ignorant and savage races, is a work which, like the progressive changes of the globe itself, requires a stretch of years that dazzles in the looking at. It is not, we conceive, within the likely providence of God, that Christianity shall start to the banks of the Niger, until it shall have overflowed all intervening space. The stone that is dropped into the ocean of ignorance at Exeter Hall, must make its widening circles, one beyond another, until they reach the negro's country in their natural expansion. There is a broad, dark sea between the Strand in London, and the Niger, where those rings are not yet shining; and through all that space they must appear, before the last one breaks upon the shore of Africa. Gently and imperceptibly the widening circle of enlightenment must stretch and stretch, from man to man, from people on to people, until there is a girdle round the earth; but no convulsive effort, or far-off aim, can make the last great outer circle first, and then come home at leisure to trace out the inner one. Believe it, African Civilization, Church of England Missionary, and all other Missionary Societies! The work at home must be completed thoroughly, or there is no hope abroad. To your tents, O Israel! but see they are your own tents! Set them in order; leave nothing to be done *there*; and outpost will convey your lesson on to outpost, until the naked armies of King Obi and King Boy are reached, and taught. Let a knowledge of the duty that man owes to man, and to his God, spread thus, by natural degrees and growth of example, to the outer shores of Africa, and it will float in safety up the rivers, never fear!

We will not do injustice to Captain Allen's scheme of future operations, by reproducing it,

shorn of its fair proportions. As a most distinguished officer, and a highly accomplished gentleman, than whom there is no one living so well entitled to be heard on all that relates to Africa, it merits, and assuredly will receive, great attention. We are not, on the ground we have just now indicated, so sanguine as he; but there is sound wisdom in his idea of approaching the black man through the black man, and in his conviction that he can only be successfully approached by a studied reference to the current of his own opinions and customs instead of ours. So true is this, that it is doubtful whether any European save Bruce—who had a perfectly marvellous genius for accommodating himself, not only to the African character, but to every variety of character with which he came in contact—has ever truly won to himself a mingled sentiment of confidence, respect, and fear in that country. So little has our government profited by his example, that one of the foremost objects of this very expedition is to repeat the self-same mistake with which Clapperton so astonished the King Boy and King Obi of his time, by running head-foremost at the abolition of the slave trade; which, of all possible objects, is the most inconceivable, unpalatable, and astounding to these barbarians!

Captain Allen need be under no apprehension that the failure of the expedition will involve his readers in any confusion as to the sufferings and deserts of those who sacrificed themselves to achieve its unattainable objects. No generous mind can peruse this narrative without a glow of admiration and sympathy for himself and all concerned. The quiet spot of Lander's tomb, lying beyond the paths of guava and dark-leaved trees, where old companions dear to his heart lie buried side by side beneath the sombre and almost impenetrable brushwood, is not to be ungratefully remembered, or lightly forgotten. Though the African is not yet awakened to a proper sense of his degradation, the resting-place of those brave men is sacred, and their history a solemn truth.

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*Dog-Breaking.* The most Expeditious, Certain, and Easy Method, whether great excellence or only mediocrity is required. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. N. HUTCHINSON, Twentieth Regiment.

THE object of *Dog-Breaking* is to enable one who has the desire, to break, or rather to educate, his own dog; for Colonel Hutchinson's plans are more like education than common breaking. Mildness, patience, and one thing at a time, are the means by which our author proceeds, together with the reiteration of the lesson until it is perfectly impressed upon the animal's mind. Something of military discipline is visible in the colonel's plan; but his great principle is to render the dog an intelligent creature, who shall hunt with understanding. The greater part of the book is of course didactic, in which plain directions are the first point; but sporting sketches and original anecdotes of remarkable dogs are mingled with the breaking institutes.

## THE MASSACRE IN OREGON.

ALTHOUGH we have published several accounts of the melancholy catastrophe which befell one of the mission families in Oregon, last spring, the following minute narrative, from one of the survivors, will be read we think, with fresh, though painful interest.—*Com. Adv.*

From the Oquawka (Ill.) Spectator.

OREGON, April, 7, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER.—After a long silence, I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines, to inform you that some of us still remain on this side of the grave, and give you some information of the country, and our troubles since we left the States. I have waited a long time, until I could have something worth writing about.

When we parted with you we took our journey for Oregon, and had a very pleasant trip, but travelled very slowly. When we reached the Umatilla river we turned and went to Dr. Whitman's, where we spent the winter. We had a very pleasant winter. On the first of March, 1846, we started for the Wallamette Valley, and in thirteen days we arrived at the falls, where we had to stop and construct a boat. In about two weeks we had completed our boat, and then started down the Columbia, and arrived at Oregon city on the 24th of April. Here we spent the summer, and in the fall moved up the Wallamette to the Methodist Institute, and spent the fall and winter. In the spring of 1847 we went to our claim on the Califosea, and thought we were done moving.

Dr. Whitman came down and wanted me to undertake to build two mills for the mission; and, not being satisfied when doing well, I consented to go and spend two years in working for the mission. On the last of September we started for Oregon city. About the first of October we took water at the city, with six Wallawalla Indians, for the falls, which we reached on the 5th. Next day we saw the dust rise from a caravan coming from the States. I started to meet them, and the first persons I met were John and Nancy Findley, driving the loose cattle. After passing a few words with them I went on and met the wagons. The first was driven by William McCaw. In this wagon I found one whom I never expected to see again in this world. Here was aunt Jane Findley, sitting in the wagon, almost worn out with travelling. She was surrounded with a host of little children—three of Levi Russell's, four of Dunlap's, and one of McCaw's—all dependent upon their grandmother to be taken care of—a burden for the stoutest person. Then rode up James L. Findley and his wife, in good health; then came Alexander Findley, John Dunlap, and Milton. Dunlap had been sick for several days. This was a very solemn meeting of friends. After bracing myself up as well as I could, I led this little caravan on to my family. The caravan soon passed on to camp, but John and Nancy Findley remained and took tea with us, and in the evening we went with them to the camp.

A day or two afterward we met another caravan, in which were David Findley and his family; they had buried their youngest child three days before. Putnam had taken the road to the Cascades. Thus our friends were scattered along the road, trying to find the Wallamette Valley. We now hired another crew of Indians to take us to Fort Wallawalla, up the Columbia river. After bidding farewell to our friends, we put our goods aboard of a small

boat, dug out of white cedar, and started with four Indians. With hard labor we got about half way through the Big Falls, and camped among the rocks by the water's edge. In the morning we got Indians to carry some of our goods about to the upper end of the falls, and took our four little children and made our way over rocks and through sand; meanwhile the Indians pulled our boat up through the falls. We then went aboard and proceeded on our way to Dechute's Falls, and camped. Next morning made our portage and went on; so made our way up the river, passing through many dangers, not only by the river, but by being almost without food except as we bought from the Indians along the river. We ran out of provisions, and had to buy dried salmon. Our children suffered very much with the cold. In ten days after leaving the falls we arrived at Fort Wallawalla.

On Sabbath morning the team came for us, with provisions, and on Monday noon we reached the mission, where the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman, and Mr. Rogers, met us with great friendship. We found Mr. Rogers very unwell, but on the mend. Several families had stopped here for the winter. The Cayuse Indians were dying very fast with the measles and dysentery. In about two weeks the doctor's family took them, and, as we lived in an adjoining room, Margaret was taken down on the 8th of November, and, being in a delicate situation, the disease went very hard with her, and resulted in the death of the child, which was born on the 14th and was buried next day. When it was taken to the grave Salvijane was taken down, as we supposed with the measles, and never rose again; in five or six days she became speechless, and died on the ninth day after she was taken. Our other children—John Law, A. Rogers and Nancy Anna—were all taken sick, but Nancy was able to be about all the time. I was also sick for several days.

In the last company there was a half-breed came to the doctor's, and hired to work through the winter.—One day he was to work for an Indian named Tamsieky, harrowing in wheat, and told him that the doctor and Mrs. Whitman were scattering poison into the air, and would kill them all off; that he was not working for him but for the doctor; that he (the doctor) knew they would all die, and he would get their wheat and all they had. He then proposed that, if they would agree to it, he would help them to kill the doctor and his wife, and all the Americans in their country. As they had a disposition to murder, and wanted satisfaction for the loss of women and children, it was no difficult matter to incite them against the Americans.

On the 29th day of November the Indians convened for the purpose, apparently, of burying their dead, and continued coming in nearly all day. About one or two o'clock Margaret got up and went into the parlor to see the sick children—the first she had walked for three weeks. The doctor and his wife were in the room, and an Indian came to the door and spoke to the doctor, who went out into the kitchen. Mrs. W. now bolted the door, and the firing soon commenced. Kimble, Camfield and Huffman were dressing a beef in the yard, Sanders was in the school-room, and the other men were at their work. I was in my room on the bed. The Indians commenced on all at nearly the same moment. They killed the doctor and wounded the three men at the beef, and killed a young man in the room with the doctor, and Mr. Gillyean the tailor. Margaret came back into our own room; I asked her what was the matter; she answered that the Indians

had risen to kill us. A constant firing was now kept up. Saunders was killed in attempting to get to his family; Kimble got into the house with his arm broke, and got up stairs with the children.

Mrs. Whitman, being informed that her husband was not yet dead, with the assistance of another woman, dragged him into the parlor. His head was badly mangled and his throat cut. She was shot in the breast, and Mr. Rogers got her up stairs, and he, by presenting a gun at the head of the stairs, kept the Indians down; but about sunset they promised that if Mr. R. and the rest would come down and go to the house where the emigrants were, they would not kill any more. Mr. R., with the assistance of an Indian, got Mrs. Whitman down, but no sooner had they got outside of the house than the Indians fired several balls into Mrs. Whitman, and kicked her bleeding body into the mud. They shot Mr. Rogers three times and left him to die. A few minutes before this last occurrence, I had lifted up the floor and we got under, with our three children, and put the boards back in their place. We lay there listening to the firing—the screams of women and children—the groans of the dying—not knowing how soon our turn would come. We were, however, not discovered.

When it had become dark, and all was quiet, we concluded to leave everything, take our children, and start for the fort, which was twenty-five miles distant, knowing that if we remained until morning death would be our portion. Taking John Law on my back, and A. Rogers in my arms, we started. The first step we made outside was in the blood of an orphan boy. Some of the murdered had their heads split open; some were lying in the mud disembowelled. This night we travelled only two miles. We hid in the brush, about fifty feet from the road, where, all the next day, we heard the Indians passing and repassing. When dark came on we started for the fort, and got three miles further. We then gave out, and again hid in the brush, and then spent another mournful day in the Indian country. When night came on, finding that Margaret was unable to travel, I took John Law on my back and started for Fort Wallawalla, yet twenty miles distant. When I had arrived within six miles of the fort, I lay down in the wet grass till morning. About nine o'clock I reached the fort, where Mr. McBean met me, and told me he had reported me among the dead. He gave me about half a pint of tea, and two small biscuits. When we had got warm I asked for assistance to bring in my family, but was unable to procure any.

During the day Mr. Stanley came up from Fort Colville with two horses, which he offered me. At night we got a little more to eat, and an Indian being hired to go with me, I prepared for a start. Mr. McBean said I must go to the bishop on the Umatilla. I refused, but he said I must, for if we came back we could not have a mouthful of food. I asked him for some bread to carry to my family, for they had had nothing but a little cold mush since Monday. He gave me none, but Mr. Stanley gave me some bread, sugar, tea and salt, and gave John Law a pair of socks and a fine silk handkerchief. The priest gave me a letter to the bishop. All being ready, we started, the Indian leading

the way, and made all haste to get back to my wife and children. When we came near, we commenced hunting, but could not find them owing to the dark. We gave up the search until daylight; soon after we found them, almost perished with hunger and thirst. The Indian got water, and I gave them bread; and in about ten minutes we began to get ready to start; being so near the Indians that had committed the murders, our guide was anxious to return.

We started to go by the company's farm, and had not got more than two miles, where we got off at a creek, before we saw an Indian coming toward us; he came up with speed, and spoke very friendly to me, but told my Indian that he would kill me, and put his hand on his pistol. My Indian asked him if he was an old woman, that he would kill an old man that was sick, with a sick wife and children. After they had talked for some time he replied that, as he never had shed blood, he would not; but said, tell him to hurry and be gone, for the murderers will follow and kill him before he gets to the Umatilla. My Indian told me to hurry; we started, and the Indian followed close behind for some distance, and then left, and we soon got to the farm where we were to change horses. We were directed to stop here till night, but the Frenchman would not let us stay, for he said the Indians would be there before night. Here was the first fire that Margaret and two of the children had seen since Monday. We warned a few minutes and started as though we would go to the bishop's. When we were out of sight we turned, and thought we would risk going to the fort. We went on as fast as we could, but soon after dark Margaret gave out, and had to be tied to the Indian's back, but we got to the fort about 10 o'clock.

Mr. McBean helped us into an empty room, and we soon had a fire. We had hardly got warm before McBean came to me and wanted me to leave my family with him, and go down to the valley by myself; but I refused to leave the fort, and would not go; but God fed us here until Mr. Ogden came up from Fort Vancouver, and brought the women and children here. We had to spend one month among Roman Catholics and Indians, and fed for some time on meat, having but little bread; we helped to eat one horse, which gave my wife the dysentery.

Mr. Ogden, one of the principal agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, took us down to Oregon city. After we got to the city, John Law died, and was buried in the same grave with Alexander Findley. I can say but little more about the massacre; we may say, however, that it was nothing but the hand of Almighty God that delivered us out of the hands of these cruel savages.

The climate of Oregon is pleasant and healthy. Wheat is good here, so are vegetables. Father Courtney was killed by the falling of a tree. Putnam lost his wife with the camp fever. There is a call here for all kinds of machinery. I am now building a saw and grist mill for Rees & Cottle. Jane and Lydia were married about new-year. Jane lost her husband this month; the rest are well.

Yours, &c.

JOSIAH OSBORN



EXTRACTS FROM THE ATHENÆUM'S REPORT  
OF THE RECENT MEETING OF THE BRIT. ASSOCIATION.

"On the Effect of the Rapid Motion of the Observer on Sound," by Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL.—Until the existence of the very high velocities now given to railway trains, no opportunities have existed of observing any phenomena in which the velocity of the observer has been sufficient to affect the character of sounds. The author having had occasion to make observations on railway trains moving at high velocities, has been led to notice some very curious effects in sounds heard at fifty and sixty miles an hour. These effects are not heard by an observer who is stationary. He found that the sound of a whistle on an engine stationary on the line was heard by a passenger in a rapid train to give a different note—in a different key from that in which it was heard by the person standing beside it. The same was true of all sounds. The passenger in rapid motion heard them in a different key, which might be either louder or lower in pitch than the true or stationary sound. The explanation of this was given as follows:—The pitch of a musical sound is determined by the number of vibrations which reach the ear in a second of time—thirty-two vibrations per second of an organ-pipe give the note C, and a greater or less number give a more acute sound, or one more grave. These vibrations move with a velocity of one thousand and twenty-four feet per second nearly. If an observer in a railway train move at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour towards a sounding body, he will meet a greater number of undulations in a second of time than if at rest, in the proportion which his velocity bears to the velocity of sound; but if he move away from the sounding body, he will meet a smaller number in that proportion. In the former case he will hear the sound a semitone higher, and in the latter a semitone lower than the observer at rest. In the case of two trains meeting at this velocity, the one containing the sounding body and the other the observer, the effect is doubled in amount. Before the trains meet, the sound is heard two semitones too high, and after they pass, two semitones too low—being a difference of a major third. There were next explained the various effects which the noises of a train produced on the ear of passengers at high velocities. The reflected sounds of a train, from surfaces like those of bridges across the line, were at ordinary velocities sent back to the ear changed by less than a semitone, so as to cause a harsh discord, which was an element of the unpleasant effect on the ear when passing a bridge. In a tunnel, also, the sounds reflected from any irregularities in the front of the train or behind it were discords to the sounds of the train heard directly. He showed, however, that at a speed of one hundred and twelve miles an hour these sounds might be those of harmony with each other, and become agreeable, for the sounds reflected in opposite directions would have the interval of a major third.

Sir D. BREWSTER observed, that, in his opinion, the explanation of the curious effect of rapid motion of the observer on sound was to be sought from physiological causes, and not acoustic; and pointed out what he considered to be analogous phenomena with respect to light—such as the augmentation of light at the boundary of moving shadows, the perfect clearness with which objects could be seen through rapidly moving openings in screens, and the production of color by screens in motion, under certain circumstances.

"On the Vision of Distances as given by Colors," by Sir D. BREWSTER.—The author briefly enumerated the several opinions maintained by opticians as to the mode in which the eye distinguishes distances; and particularized the facts determined by Mr. Wheatstone by his beautiful contrivance, the stereoscope. But he considered that there was yet another almost neglected source of distinguishing distances: he alluded to the different places at which the images of different colors are formed from the object. The influence of this any person might at once convince himself of by viewing near objects, which were of well contrasted colors, as the outlines of countries on maps where the bounding lines would be found to be sometimes red and sometimes blue for near countries. Now, it would be observed that when closely viewed, these would appear to separate; the plane of the paper for those parts colored red to approach the eye, while that of those colored blue receded.

"On the Chemical Character of Steel," by Mr. NASMYTH.—Were we to assume, as our standard of the importance of any investigation, the relation which the subject of it bears to the progress of civilization, there is no one which would reach higher than that which refers to the subject of steel; seeing that it is to our possession of the art of producing that inestimable material that we owe nearly the whole of the arts. I am desirous of contributing a few ideas on the subject, with a view to our arriving at more distinct knowledge as to what (in a chemical sense) steel is, and so lay the true basis for improvement in the process of its manufacture. It may be proper to name that steel is formed by surrounding bars of wrought iron, with charcoal placed in fire-brick troughs, from which air is excluded, and keeping the iron bars and charcoal in contact, and at a full red heat for several days, at the end of which time the iron bars are found to be converted into steel. What is the nature of the change which the iron has undergone we have no certain knowledge; the ordinary explanation is, that the iron has absorbed and combined with a portion of the charcoal or carbon, and has in consequence been converted into a carburet of iron. But it has ever been a mystery that on analysis, so very minute and questionable a portion of carbon is exhibited. It appears that the grand error in the above view of the subject consists in our not duly understanding the nature of the change which carbon undergoes in its combination with iron in the formation of steel. Those who are familiar with the process of the conversion of iron into steel, must have observed the remarkable change in the outward aspect of the bars of iron after their conversion, namely, that they are covered with blisters. These blisters indicate the evolution of a very elastic gas, which is set free from the carbon in the act of its combination with the iron. I have the strongest reasons to think that these blisters are the result of the decomposition of the carbon, whose metallic base enters into union with the iron, and forms with it an alloy, while the other component element of the carbon is given forth, and so produces in its escape the blisters in question. On this assumption we come to a very interesting question—What is the nature of this gas? In order to examine this, all that is requisite is to fill a wrought iron retort with a mixture of pure carbon and iron filings, subject it to a long-continued red heat, and receive the evolved gas over mercury. Having obtained the gas in question in this manner, then permit a piece of polished steel to come in contact with this gas, and in all probability we shall then have

reproduced on the surface of the steel a coat of carbon resulting from the reunion of its two elements, namely, that of the metallic base of the carbon then existing in the steel, with the, as yet, unknown gas; thus synthetically, as well as by analytic process, eliminating the true nature of steel, and that of the elements or components of carbon.

"On Common Salt as a Poison to Plants," by W. B. RANDALL.—The following notice is presented as being likely to afford a useful practical caution to those interested in the cultivation of plants. In the month of September last, three or four small plants in pots were shown to the writer, nearly or quite dead; and he was, at the same time, informed that their destruction was a complete mystery to the party to whom they belonged, and that Dr. Lindley had expressed his opinion, from the examination of a portion of one sent to him, that they were poisoned. Having searched in vain for any strong poison in the soil, and in the plants themselves, he inquired more minutely into the circumstances of the case, and found that these were only specimens of many hundreds of plants both in the open air and in greenhouses (but all in pots) which exhibited, in a greater or less degree, the same characteristics. The roots were completely rotten, so as to be easily crumbled between the fingers; the stems, even in young plants, assumed the appearance of old wood; the leaves became brown, first at the point, then round the edge, and afterwards all over; while the whole plant drooped and died. At least 2,000 cuttings in various stages of progress, and 1,000 strong, healthy plants had been reduced to this condition; including different varieties of the fir, cedar, geranium, fuchsia, rose, jasmine, and heath. The sight of this wholesale destruction, coupled with the fact that the whole were daily watered from one particular source, suggested the conclusion that the cause of the evil must reside in the water thus used; and this was accordingly examined. It yielded the following constituents, making in each imperial pint of 20 fluid ounces, nearly 9½ grains of solid matter entirely saline, without any organic admixture:—

Carbonate of lime,	0.600
Sulphate of lime,	0.462
Chloride of calcium,	0.200
Chloride of magnesium,	1.252
Chloride of sodium,	6.906
	9.420

The mould around the plants and an infusion of the dead stems and leaves also afforded abundant evidence of the presence of much chloride of sodium. Further inquiry showed that the well from which the water was procured had an accidental communication, by means of a drain, with the sea; and had thus become mixed with the salt water from that source, and had been used in this state for some weeks, probably from two to three months. From about that time the plants had been observed to droop; but it was not until nearly the whole of a valuable stock had been destroyed, that any extraordinary cause of the evil was suspected. To place it beyond doubt that the water was really the cause of the mischief, twelve healthy fuchsias were procured from a distance and divided into two parts; half being watered morning and evening with the water in question, and the others with rain water. In a week, the six plants watered from the well had turned brown, and ultimately died, while all the rest remained perfectly flourishing. Assuming,

from these facts, that the common salt in this water was the chief cause of the results described, it is proved that water containing about seven grains of salt in each pint is, in its continued use, an effectual poison to the weaker forms of vegetation; or that when a soil is continually watered with a weak solution of salt it gradually accumulates in it until the soil becomes sufficiently contaminated to be unfit to support vegetable life. In either case an interesting subject of inquiry is suggested—What is the weakest solution of salt which can produce in any measure this poisonous effect?—or, in other words, at what degree of dilution does the danger cease? For salt is an important natural constituent of much spring water, quite independent of any infiltration from the sea, as in this instance. Thus:—the water of the artesian well, Trafalgar Square, London, contains in each gallon about 20 grains; that at Combe & Delafield's Brewery 12.7; that at Wolverhampton Railway Station 6; one lately sunk at Southampton, for supplying a private manufactory, 40. May it not be asked, whether the subject of the suitability of waters in general for the various purposes to which they are applied—be it in manufactures or for steam-engines, domestic purposes or drinking—is not worthy of a greater share of scientific attention than it has hitherto commanded?

Prof. ELTON read a paper "On the Ante-Columbian Discovery of America." He said that memorials of the past, and especially such as related to the discovery of a great continent, had excited peculiar interest in the human mind in all ages and among all nations. He would state a few facts exhibiting evidence that America was known to Europeans as early as the tenth century. An Icelandic historian, Torfæus, in the year 1805, claimed for his ancestors the glory of having discovered the New World. This claim had been strengthened by a work published by the Royal Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen in 1837, and which had imparted a new impulse to this subject. The work was entitled "*Antiquitates Americanae, sive Scriptores Septentrionales Rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America.*" It was edited by the learned Prof. Rafn, of the University of Copenhagen, and published in the original Icelandic, and accompanied by a Danish and also a Latin translation. This work gives an account of the voyages made to America by the Scandinavian Northmen during the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Their accounts of their early voyages are published from authentic manuscripts which are dated as far back as the tenth century. From this work it would appear that the ancient Northerners explored a great extent of the eastern coasts of North America, repeatedly visited many places in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, fought and traded with the natives, and attempted to establish colonies. The most northern region they called Hellaland, (*i. e.* slate land,) the country further south they named Muckland, (woodland,) and the country most southern they called Vinland (vineland)—which is supposed to have extended as far south as Massachusetts or Rhode Island. The general features of the country accord with the descriptions which they have given. The discovery of America by the Northerners is confirmed by an inscription on a rock on the bank of the river Taunton, at a place called Dighton, in the State of Massachusetts, and which until recently had defied all efforts at interpretation. The earliest New England colonists observed the mysterious charac-

ters on this rock; and more than 150 years ago Dr. Cotton Mather, of Boston, sent an imperfect drawing of the inscription to the Royal Society. It also attracted the notice of the Rev. Dr. Styles, President of Yale College, nearly 100 years ago, who sent *fac-similes* of the inscription to many learned societies in Europe—but all attempts to decipher them were in vain. An accurate drawing of the inscription was made by the Rhode Island Historical Society a few years since, and a copy was sent to the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, which led to a more satisfactory result. The surface of the rock which bears the inscription is about 12 feet in length and 9 feet in height, and is covered with hieroglyphics forming three distinct lines. The characters are deeply engraven in greywacke, and must have required the labor of several days. The lower part of the rock is subject to the constant action of the tide, in consequence of which several of the characters are obliterated. The word "Thorfinus" and the number "132" are distinctly marked. The "Th" in the Thorfinus are in Icelandic characters, and "orfinus" in the ancient Roman. The 132 was also engraved in the ancient Roman form of writing numerals. The circumstance of the Roman letters being used may be easily explained. Christianity was introduced into Iceland about the end of the tenth century—at which period there was evidence that the Latin language was cultivated in that country at least by individuals. Now, there is a remarkable coincidence between the monument just described and an account in one of the manuscripts published in the "Antiquitates Americane." It is there stated that Thorfinus, an Icelandic chief, made a voyage to Vinland in the year 1000; and that in the course of three years he was killed in a battle with the natives. It is worthy of observation, as proving that they had some knowledge of Christianity, that a cross was placed at the head of his grave. The particulars of Thorfinus' voyage and his frequent battles with the natives are also minutely recorded. His wife, who accompanied him to America, returned after his death to Iceland with her son, who was born in America. This son of Thorfinus became a chieftain; and from him, according to genealogical tables, are descended many eminent men, including Prof. Finn Magnussen and the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen. The author concluded by alluding to the supposed discovery of America by Prince Madoc in the twelfth century; the only information respecting which was received from the poems written by Meredyth-ap-Rhys in 1478, of Gafyr Owen in 1480, and Cynfyn-ap-Gronw, who lived in the same period.

Mr. F. WHISHAW read a paper "On the Velocentimeter" with its applications. He stated that in the year 1837 he was engaged in working the general survey of the railways in Great Britain and Ireland; and that he invented the first velocentimeter for testing more readily than by the ordinary watch furnished with a second hand the time occupied in passing over measured distances, which were usually marked by posts or standards. He now exhibited an improved instrument which resembled a handsome chronometer—and observed that it had tabulated thousands of miles without being out the hundredth part of a minute. He stated that by it, with the assistance of the electric telegraph, the time of the United Kingdom could be made uniform to half a second.

Mr. WHISHAW read a paper giving an explana-

tion of the various applications of gutta percha; numerous specimens of which, in the shape of thread, cord, tabular staves, driving bands, constables' staves, sticks, whips, inkstands, medallions, shields, water buckets, stereotype plates, and almost every other description of article, both useful and ornamental, were present. The paper, after stating that gutta percha was the concrete juice of a large tree of the same name, abounding in Borneo, &c., obtained by tapping the tree periodically by the Malays, stated that its introduction into this country was purely accidental; Dr. Montgomery having transmitted the first sample of it to the Society of Arts in 1843, at which time he (Mr. Whishaw) was secretary to that society. The first articles of use made of gutta percha in this country were laid before the Society of Arts in 1844, and consisted of a lathe-band, a short length of pipe, and a bottle case, which he had himself made by hand, having caused the concrete substance to become sufficiently plastic by immersing it in hot water. He also produced casts from medallions, which attracted considerable attention at the time, and surgical instruments were soon after made of this new material. It was also adapted to commercial uses; and from the period mentioned to July 11th in the present year between 600 and 700 tons had been imported for the Gutta Percha Company. From 20 to 60 tons were now regularly imported every month. Contrary to the general opinion that gutta percha is a simple, hydrogenous substance, Mr. Crane (chemist to the Gutta Percha Company) found it in its ordinary state to consist of at least two distinct materials, besides a notable proportion of sulphur—viz., 1. A white matter, gutta percha in its pure state; 2. A substance of a dark brown color. Various experiments were made to ascertain its strength when mixed with other matters, and also as to what pigments would mix with it without rendering it brittle or deteriorating its qualities. From these it appeared that the only pigments that could altogether be relied on to be used with gutta percha were orange lead, rose pink, red lead, vermilion, Dutch pink, yellow ochre, and orange chrome. Under the influence of heat and pressure, gutta percha would spread to a certain extent, and more so if mixed with foreign matters. All the mixtures composed of gutta percha and other substances which had been subjected to experiment, except that containing plumbago, were found to increase its power of conducting heat; but in its pure state gutta percha was an excellent non-conductor of electricity. The best composition for increasing the pliability of gutta percha was that formed in conjunction with caoutchouc tar, and next in order that of its own tar; and the best material at present known for moulding and embodying was obtained by mixing gutta percha with its own tar and lamp-black. In describing the process of manufacturing gutta percha, the author observed, that rude blocks of the material were first cut into slices, by means of a cutting machine formed of a circular iron plate of about five feet in diameter, in which there are three radial slots furnished with as many knives or blades. The blocks are placed in an inclined shoot, so as to present one end to the operation of the cutters. The slices are then placed in a wooden tank, containing hot water, in which they are left to soak until found in a plastic state. They are afterwards passed through a mincing cylinder, similar to that used in paper mills for the conversion of rags into pulp, and then thoroughly cleansed



in cold water tanks; the water, in cases of impure gutta percha, being mixed with a solution of common soda or chloride of lime. It is next put into a masticating machine, such as is used in the manufacture of caoutchouc, and then pressed through rollers; thus being converted into sheets of various width and thickness. When necessary, the sheets are again masticated, and again passed through rollers. These sheets are subsequently cut into boards by vertical knives, placed at the further end of the table, along which the sheets are carried by a cloth or web to another roller, round which they pass, and are cut into the required widths. The bands or straps are then removed, and coiled up ready for use. Driving bands for machinery are thus made, and shoe soles and heels are stamped out of similar sheets of gutta percha. In making tubes or pipes, either of gutta percha or any of its compounds, a mass of gutta percha, after being thoroughly masticated, is placed in a metal cylinder furnished with a similar piston, by which it is pressed down into an air box, kept hot with steam, which has at its lower end a number of perforations, through which the plastic material is forced into a cup, whence it passes out, round a core, into the desired tubular form, and thence through a gauge to the required size, and into a receiver of cold water, being drawn to the other end of a long trough by a cord passing round a pulley at the far end of the trough, and returning to the person in attendance on the machine, who gradually draws the pipe away from the air machine. Thus tubes of considerable length and diameter are made to a very great extent, and are used for the conveyance of water and other liquids, and are now under test for the conveyance of gas. The paper next explained the variety of articles already made of gutta percha, which were of three classes—1. Useful; 2. Ornamental; and 3. Useful and Ornamental combined. Various articles were then exhibited, including two very handsome shields, and a splendid communion dish and service. Mr. Whishaw next exhibited the Telakouphanon, or Speaking Trumpet; and in doing so, said that speaking tubes of gutta percha were quite new, as was also the means of calling attention by them of the person at a distance, which was accomplished by the insertion of a whistle, which, being blown, sounded at the other end quite shrilly. Attention having been thus obtained, you remove the whistle, and by simply whispering, the voice would be conveyed quite audibly for a distance of at least three quarters of a mile, and a conversation kept. It must be obvious how useful these telegraphs must become in large manufactories; and indeed in private houses they might quite supersede the use of bells, as they were so very cheap, and by branch pipes could be conveyed to different rooms:—and, indeed, if there were no electric telegraphs, they might, by a person being stationed at the end of each tube of three quarters of a mile or a mile, be made most speedily to convey intelligence for any distance. In private houses, the whistle need not be used, but a more musical sound could be produced. He then amused the auditors by causing the end of the tube, which was of the length of 100 feet, to be inserted into the mouth-piece of a flute held in a person's hand, regulated the notes, and placing his own mouth to the other end of the tube, "God save the Queen" was played at a distance of 100 feet from the person giving the flute breath. Turning to the Bishop of St. David's, he said that in the event of a clergyman having three

livings, he might, by the aid of three of these tubes, preach the same sermon in three different churches at the same time.—Mr. Whishaw also exhibited the gutta percha submarine rope or telegraph; which consisted of a tube perforated with a series of small tubes, for the conveyance of telegraphic wire, and which, for the purpose of preventing its being acted upon by sea water or marine insects, was banded or braided round by a small rope, and its being perfectly air-tight would render it quite impervious to the atmosphere.

From the Times.

#### VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

THE style and title of the Hudson's Bay Company are familiar enough, no doubt, to all our readers, but perhaps few of them distinctly comprehend that this corporation enjoys the delegated sovereignty of British North America, almost from the Arctic Circle to the United States' frontier, and from the Rocky Mountains to the North Atlantic Ocean. In the territories devised to their keeping are enumerated the lands then known as "New South Wales, New North Wales, Prince William's Land, with the Arctic land down to the London coast in Greenland, and New Britain or Labrador"—a catalogue which, in fact, represents the whole of British America, excepting the subsequent acquisitions of the Canadas and the lands about the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Incorporated in 1670, during the extraordinary advance made by British commerce between the two epochs of the restoration and the revolution, the company has subsisted, with some successes and some rebuffs in its struggles for the confirmation or extension of its privileges, up to the present day, though so indefinite in its tenure of rights, so unobtrusive has been its actions, so invisible its services, and so noiseless its existence, that the debaters on Friday evening were all driven to tradition or rumor for the scanty information they produced. It is known that the company has, for upwards of 150 years, possessed a charter, and that it has a monopoly of trade with the Indians; but of the manner in which its powers are exercised, of its institutions, of its officers, its ordinances, or its pursuits, as little seems to be ascertained as of the political economy of Japan. It was asserted, however, though of course with due and proper admissions of uncertainty, that their government was an absolute despotism; that they recruited their service with young men from the Orkneys, hired at a rate so low as practically to leave them slaves of the company for life; that they exercised capital jurisdiction over the Indians; that they systematically discouraged colonization and civilization, and that their policy had, for purposes of their own, been successfully directed to keeping this enormous tract of territory and its population in the same state of solitude, barbarism, and ignorance, as they originally found it. To these dark rumors was added the specific allegation that they divided seventy per cent. on a capital nine times augmented, without ever advancing those ends of discovery or trade for which they had been incorporated.

Since the settlement of the Oregon question, the British territory west of the Rocky Mountains has naturally occupied the attention of government, and it was deemed advisable not to forego the confirmation added by actual possession even to the best of titles. On this hint the company has spoken, and through its governor has requested the grant of this district also, and especially of Vancouver's

Island, lying along its southern coast; so that their dominions would thus be extended from one ocean to the other. The colonial secretary, it seems, lent a favorable ear to their application. Vancouver's Island was liberally thrown into their bargain, and it was only through the accidental vigilance of an honorable member that the matter received that public attention which it now commands. The defence set up for Lord Grey's proposal was, that the island in question had not advantages enough to ensure its voluntary colonization, and that if we did not make provision for occupying it in some other manner we should probably be anticipated in such proceedings by parties ready to avail themselves of our neglect.

Now, it is certainly no small testimony to the expansive grandeur of the British empire that the abstract importance of an island 250 miles long by 50 broad, with great presumed resources, and a climate almost exactly assimilated to that of the mother country, should be actually debated for several hours together. But let our readers just look to some of the facts of the case. We will not insist upon any of those vague rumors of extraordinary richness and fertility which are reported of all unexplored lands, but will confine ourselves to points about which no doubt is entertained. If there is any locality in the whole world which would appear in the eye of a philosophical speculator destined for mighty purposes in future years, it is the west coast of the North American continent. Hitherto it has been unknown and unoccupied, but it is now secured by one of the most enterprising nations upon earth at a price and by exertions which clearly show their appreciation of its value. California is now the territory of the United States, and the president's message indicates that it will not lie long useless in the hands of its new possessors. All the conclusions of probability suggest that the commerce of the Pacific and of the opposite Asiatic continent will find its way to this coast, with which, too, in all likelihood will be commenced the first intercourse of Japan. Now, along the whole length of this coast there are but two or three practicable ports for shipping, and the struggle which even the passive Mexicans made for San Francisco proves how preciously such resorts are valued by those best acquainted with their use. Vancouver's Island, from its situation and its harbors, is unquestionably the site which will command the commerce of the coast; and if ever the North Pacific is indeed to become a Mediterranean, here will be its Tyre. As if to qualify it for its part, its chief ascertained production is precisely that which will be most needed; and this island, eighteen days' steaming only from the ports of China, is full of admirable coal.

Under such circumstances, it is not enough to say that Vancouver's Island is beyond the Antipodes, that it is more distant than even New Zealand, that if it has coal there is no demand for it, and that if it has harbors there is no trade for them. With such destinies as it requires little imagination to foresee for Western America, we may surely take the trouble of keeping for a little while what is our own. Moreover, if no other scheme is immediately obvious, there are reasons in abundance against the *pis aller* of the colonial secretary. We are now at length betaking ourselves—and surely not too soon—to a good system of colonization; and it is confessed that the proposed grant to the company is made in furtherance of this very object. Now, without wishing to disparage the company's services—for no person acquainted with the history of such bodies will deny that they are even more

liable to misrepresentation than they are prone to abuses—it is impossible not to see that by the very evidence and nature of the case they never have been promoters of colonization, and never can be. Their objects and interests are essentially at variance with any such projects. They are fur-traders and monopolists, and in neither capacity can they give hearty encouragement to the pursuits of civilized or colonial life. They want beavers and sables to multiply, hunting-grounds to be preserved, and hunters and trappers to thrive. Their function is to perpetuate what it should be the aim of a colony to destroy. In every point of view, whether prospectively or as regards the object immediately professed, must this provisional bargain be denounced, by which, for the sake of temporary convenience, the national responsibility is shuffled on to the shoulders of an interested corporation, and the country committed to the dilemma of either surrendering its birthright or redeeming it hereafter by a ruinous purchase. If no visions of the future can induce us to admit Vancouver's Island to that class in which the Falkland Isles are retained, at least let it be seen what stimulus this unexpected publicity will give to private enterprise before we consummate an inconsiderate scheme which so narrowly escaped condemnation even in a house imperfectly informed, and upon such an incidental motion as that of Friday evening.

#### THE LATE MR. GEORGE STEPHENSON.

IN noticing the regretted death of this celebrated man last week, we were only able very briefly to allude to his remarkable career. The "Derby Reporter" has since published a very interesting memoir, from which we extract the following anecdotes. After stating that Mr. Stephenson was born at a small town called Wylam, (or Wyburn, we are not sure which,) nine miles east of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of very humble but honest and creditable parentage, his father being an engine tender at a colliery during the greater part of his life, the "Reporter" says: His earliest occupations when a boy were connected with the coal pits in the neighborhood of Newcastle, previous to the introduction of steam power for the purpose of drawing coal out of the pits. He commenced first at 2d. per day, progressed to 4d., and then earned 6d. per day in selecting dross from the coal. He was afterwards promoted to the situation of stoker to a stationary engine at 1s. per day. Subsequently he was entrusted with an engine at the rate of from 13s. to 17s. a week; and on removing from Willington he was employed in that capacity at Killingworth colliery, the property of Lord Ravensworth and others. At an entertainment at Newcastle, Mr. Stephenson thus alluded to his early struggles:—"The first locomotive that I made was at Killingworth colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth's money. Yes, Lord Ravensworth and Co. were the first parties that would entrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made thirty-two years ago, and we called it 'My Lord.' I said to my friends that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand. In this respect great perfection has been reached, and in consequence a very high velocity has been attained. In what has been done under my management, the merit is only in part my own; I have been most ably seconded and assisted by my son. In the earlier period of my career, and when he was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and

made up my mind that he should not labor under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man, and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbors' clocks and watches at night, after my daily labor was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son. He became my assistant and companion. He got an appointment as under-viewer, and at nights we worked together at our engineering. I got leave to go from Killingworth to lay down a railway at Hetton, and next to Darlington; and after that I went to Liverpool, to plan a line to Manchester. I there pledged myself to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I should put a cross on the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour, but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it, I assure you, before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. Some one inquired if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased—improvements were made every day—and to-day a train, which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to take my place in this room, and see around me many faces which I have great pleasure in looking upon." Mr. Stephenson would always express the most ingenuous surprise that counsel could publicly advocate the schemes of their clients, if they were privately of opinion that the schemes they advocated were inferior to those which they opposed. We have heard of his exclaiming to counsel, on coming out of a committee-room, where he had been under a severe cross-examination, "Oh, T—, oh, T—, I'm ashamed of you! You know my line's the best, and that I'm in the right, and you're in the wrong, and yet you've been worrying me as if you did n't know I was right." Mr. Stephenson is stated to have observed to a noble peer (the Duke of Devonshire) during a visit to his princely country seat, "I will tell you what, my lord, you'll not find the change so very great when you get to Paradise!" On one occasion Mr. Stephenson came in contact with a gentleman and his wife at a hotel, whom he entertained for some time with his shrewd observations and playful sallies. At length the lady became curious to know the name of the stranger with the penetrating eye, and unostentatious demeanor. "Why, madam," was his reply, "they used to call me George Stephenson; I am now called George Stephenson, *Esquire*, of Tapton House, near Chesterfield. And further let me say, that I've dined with princes, and peers, and commoners—with persons of all classes, from the highest to the humblest;—I've dined off a red herring, when seated in a hedge-bottom, and have gone through the meanest drudgery; I've seen mankind in all its phases, and the conclusion I've arrived at is this, that if they were all stripped, there's not much difference." Latterly he took much pleasure

in bringing his greenhouse at Tapton to perfection. He was satisfied that the great principle of vegetation was to give as much light and heat to the soil as possible, and (as he familiarly stated at a dinner of the North Derbyshire Agricultural Society) he intended "to grow pine apples at Tapton as thick as pumpkins." He told his friends with great pleasure of the plans he had adopted for promoting vegetation in his hothouses; and he assured them that "he intended to be second to no one in the county except his friend Paxton, and he was so old in the service that he could n't hope to beat him." —*Examiner*, 27 Aug.

LEAP-FROG.—I must relate the circumstances of my first introduction to the learned professor Cramer, since they were truly original. He had a country-house in the suburbs, and when I called to pay my respects, I was told I should find him in his garden. I heard the sound of laughter and merry voices as I approached, and saw an elderly gentleman bent forward in the middle of a walk, while several boys were playing leap-frog over him; a lady who stood by him said, as soon as she perceived me, "Cramer, Steffens is there." "Well," he said, without moving, "leap then." I was delighted with the new mode of introduction to a man of science, took my leap clean over him, and then turned round to make my bow and compliments. He was delighted, and as my good leap also won the hearts of the young people, I was at once admitted as an acquaintance in the happy circle. Notwithstanding this quaint reception, Cramer was a man of deep reflection, with all the quiet manner of a true philosopher.—*Steffens' Adventures*.

SWALLOWS.—These mysterious visitants, creatures of instinct, are by many persons supposed to perform their eccentric gyrations from mere caprice, while, in reality, they are amongst the very best friends of mankind. I would as soon see a man shoot one of my fowls or my ducks, or rather he would steal his hatful of eggs from the hen-roost, as shoot one of these beautiful annual visitants, or destroy one of their nests. My servants think I have a superstitious love, or dread, or fear, of them, from the religious regard I pay to their preservation. If it were not for such beautiful and graceful birds, our crops would be totally annihilated. We have no idea of the numbers of such. Take the plant-louse—the British locust. Bonnet, whose researches on it remind us of Huber on the honey bee, isolated an individual of this species, and found that from the 1st to the 22d of June it produced ninety-five young insects, and that there were, in the summer, no less than nine generations. There are both wingless and winged, and Bonnet calculates a single specimen may produce 550,970,489,000,000,000 in a single year, and Dr. Richardson very far beyond this! Now when we see the swallow flying high in the air, he is heard every now and then snapping his bill, and swallowing these and similar destroyers. Now, if at this season a swallow destroys some 900 mothers per day on an average, and estimating each of these the parent of one tenth of the above number, it is beyond all appreciable powers of arithmetic to calculate. If, instead of paying boys for destroying birds and their nests, they would pay their cottagers' children a prize for every nest fledged of swallows, martins, and swifts, they would confer tenfold more benefit on their crops.—*Gardeners' and Farmers' Journal*.



From Chambers' Journal.

## HUMAN HYDROPHOBIA.

ONE could almost suppose that hydrophobia, in a certain modified form, was an endemic in human society as well as amongst dogs. The lower portions of the community, in particular, seem to consider themselves as having a prescriptive right to suffer from it. The diagnosis of the malady in the human patient does not point to a catastrophe altogether so abrupt and tragical as in the canine, but it is attended by circumstances quite as sinister. Dirty faces, dirty clothes, dirty houses, dirt all over, are the symptoms which most forcibly arrest attention; and yet bad as these are, we know that there are worse effects underneath the surface, for where physical dirt goes, there also resides moral degradation.

We know no country in Europe where there is so little disposition on the part of the people, as in ours, to give themselves even that exhilarating kind of ablution which is derived from bathing. At the present season, the traveller on the continent finds the rivers alive with swimmers; and we remember, when sailing down the Loire to Nantes, observing the steamer frequently surrounded, more especially when nearing the great manufacturing city, with crowds of black heads and white shoulders. In Russia, where the people have not got beyond the middle ages, the lower classes do not yet know the use of a shirt, but wear it above their trousers in the form of a kilt. They have not, however, abandoned the bath. Towards the end of the week, they feel a prickly and uncomfortable sensation in their skin, and at length rush eagerly into the hot steam, and boiling out the impurities of the preceding six days, begin life again with new vigor. In summer, they do not wait for days and times, but merely get up an hour earlier, and dash into the nearest pond or river. In our refined country, dirt causes no uneasiness. It is allowed to harden upon the skin, choke up the pores, and contaminate the whole being, moral and physical. It blunts the senses to such a degree, that the husband does not detect it in the wife, nor the mother in the child. All are alike. All have forfeited the dignity of human nature, and sunk into a lower scale of animal existence.

While mentioning the custom that prevails in Russia, we are struck with the proof afforded there of the connection between moral and physical cleanliness. The state of the bath-house of the hamlet is an unfailing index to the character and position of the inhabitants. If it is neat and trim, the people are good and happy, and their feudal lord kind and considerate; if poor and ruinous, there is tyranny on the one hand, misery on the other, and depravity on both.

In respect of its contagiousness, or inclination to spread, the human malady seems not a bit behind the canine, although certainly the immediate symptoms are less virulent. It has been implied that the stain of dirt extends from the skin of the individual over his life and conversation. But it does more than that; it contaminates his family;

it daubs his neighbors; it forms a nucleus round which impurity gathers, and strengthens, and spreads. Insignificant at first in itself, it becomes a social evil of importance. It is one of the units which gives its character to the aggregate; and, rising out of a thing which at first was only scorned from good taste, shunned from individual repugnance, or laughed at out of sheer folly, we see spreading over the land vice, misery, pestilence, and death. Yet we observe the symptoms of this formidable disease with a glassy and indifferent eye, while those of canine hydrophobia inspire us with horror and alarm, and drive us to dog-murder in self-defence!

The dread of water is seen in the human subject in another form, in which it is attended by a different class of effects—different, but not very remotely allied to the preceding. Almost everywhere the use of water as a beverage appears to be felt as a sort of original doom, designed as a penalty for the sins of mankind; and everywhere are efforts made to disguise it in some way, so that the patient may believe he is swallowing something else. Much ingenuity has been expended upon this curious process; but in certain conditions of society, it seems to be of little consequence what taste is superadded, or by what means the super-addition is made. The grand thing is *transmogrification*. Amongst the poorer classes in China, a decoction of cabbage leaves is felt as a relief; amongst the upper, the tincture of the more elegant tea-leaf is employed. In the western world, the refuse of fruit and grain, subjected to fermentation and distilling, is brought into requisition. The Norman converts his good cider into execrable brandy; the other French maltreat their wine in a similar way; in Russia, the sickening quass becomes the maddening votki; in Scotland, honest twopenny is sublimated into whiskey; and so on throughout the whole habitable world. That this sort of hydrophobia is merely a modification of the other, is established by the fact, that they who most abhor water as a cleanser, abhor it most as a drink. A cleanly person will frequently condescend to take a draught of pure element with his meals; but you never saw a man with a dirty face who would not greatly prefer some poisonous and ill-tasted compound. At the tables of the upper classes you will find the water-karaff most in demand; at those of the lower classes the beer-jug. The quality of the beer is of no consequence. We never knew it so freely drank in our own neighborhood as at a time (some twenty years ago) when the sole effect of the worthy brewer's manufacture was declared to be to *spoil the water*. Even amongst the abstainers from these deleterious liquors, there are many who must still have their water disguised: hence their extensive patronage of lemonade, ginger-beer, and other weak though comparatively innocuous mixtures. The whole affair reminds us of a literary work published in London nearly twenty years ago by a Bond street hairdresser, which gave a sort of catalogue *résumé* of the various materials used for lathering the beard—all ex-

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cept one; for the magnanimous barber scorned to mention—soap.

The connection between the worst symptoms of the two kinds of hydrophobia we have described needs little illustration. The dirtier an individual is in his person, family, house, neighborhood, the more pestilent are the expedients he falls upon for disguising the taste of the abhorred water. In other words, the progress of the disease is naturally exhibited in the intensity of its symptoms. A man of sublime cleanliness may be found drinking pure water; with a little taint of human weakness one may indulge, likewise, but only occasionally, and in moderation, in beer, ale, wine, or even stronger brewings; while your true hydrophobist—a dingy, vulgar desperado, whom the very children on the street know and detect even when he happens to be sober—stupifies himself habitually with the worst form of alcohol. Does it not appear that there is an unjust distinction made in our treatment of human and canine patients? We do not propose that the former should be hooted and hunted like the latter out of society, or that they should be mauled with sticks and stones, or shot, poisoned, hanged, or drowned. They might not like it. It might cause some discontent. It would, perhaps, be better to let it alone, and try to manage some other way. But what other way? How would a pump answer at the end of every street, to be worked by the police? A passer-by, caught in the fact of hydrophobia, whether the dirty or drunken form of the disease, might be pounced upon, and put under the spout, when the remedy administered might be proportioned to the intensity of the malady. To say that this would be an infringement of the liberty of the subject is nonsense; for if society has not the right to repress a contagious disease by any means in its power, we might as well lay aside the habits of civilization at once, and betake ourselves again to woods and caves. Peter the Great was the ablest doctor in the world, and it would not be amiss if we were to take a lesson from his school. The grand obstacle in the way of his project for civilizing Russia was the beards of the nobles. To expect to teach European refinement to a man with a great, matted, beastly beard, was out of the question; and he tried by every Delilah-like stratagem he could think of to shear off the strength of barbarism. All would not do; and Peter had then recourse to a *coup d'état*. He sent against the malcontents an army of barbers, who rushed in upon them in their native woods, shaved their beards by main force,

And dragged the struggling savage into day.

That some such plan as this may in time be tried, seems probable from the fact, that the sister-malady, ignorance, is already treated by compulsory remedies. When a dirty little ragged boy is seen on the streets in some of our more civilized towns, he is picked up by the authorities and sent to school. He should in like manner be sent to the pump; and this, you may depend upon it, would be a great assistance in his education. When offenders

are locked up in jail, the first process they have to submit to is that of being well washed and scrubbed. This is all very proper; but surely it is an absurdity to show greater solicitude for the health of jails than for the health of dwelling-houses. If the men had been washed in time, we question much whether they would have become felons at all.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### IMPORTANCE OF THE INSIGNIFICANT.

It is one of the marvellous arrangements of Providence, that results of the greatest magnitude and importance are not unusually caused by operations apparently so insignificant as to be reckoned scarcely worthy of notice. Nothing, however, is really insignificant—all has a meaning—all tends to one harmonious whole in the order of creation.

Some beautiful illustrations of this proposition are to be found in the animal kingdom, particularly in the immense and wonderful influence of minute animated organisms upon the actual form and mass of the globe! The chalk formation fills every reflective mind with wonder. The chalk-beds of England are many hundred feet thick, and many miles in extent. Who raised this wall of white around our coast? Who piled up those precipitous masses, from which all the labor and skill of man can only detach a few comparatively insignificant morsels? "We did!" utter a myriad-million animalcules, whose dead bodies we thus behold. It is beyond conception; but the microscope assures us of the fact. These vast beds are composed of the shells of infusory animalcules. A "line" is the 12th part of an inch. Now these creatures vary from the 12th to the 280th part of a line in thickness! It has been calculated that ten millions of their dead bodies lie in a cubic inch! "Singly," says a popular writer, "they are the most unimportant of all animals; in the mass, forming as they do such enormous strata over a large part of the earth's surface, they have an importance greatly exceeding that of the largest and noblest of the beasts of the field." Theirs is a safe humility; for while the greater creatures have many of them become extinct, and left no posterity, the descendants of these ancient earth-architects live and thrive to this very hour. The polishing-slate, or tripoli of Bilin, presents us with another instance in point. The investigations of that greatest of microscopical observers, Professor Ehrenberg, have shown that this substance consists almost entirely of an aggregation of infusoria in layers, without any connecting medium. These are much more minute than the chalk animalcules. A cubic line contains about twenty-three millions of them, and a cubic inch has been calculated to be the cenotaph of forty thousand millions of these beings! The weight of a cubic inch is about 220 grains, and that of the siliceous shield of a single animalcule is estimated at the 187,000,000th part of a grain! The infusorial rock at Bilin forms a bed fourteen feet in thickness. Two origins are now

ascribed to limestone—one, that of chemical precipitation; the other, which has a direct connection with our subject, ascribes the formation to the labors of the infusoria. There can be no doubt that many of the enormous beds of this substance with which we are familiar, are the results of the accumulation of innumerable millions of these tiny creatures. They swarm in all waters, indifferently in salt as in fresh; and secreting from the lime held in solution by such water the necessary material for their shields or calcareous skeletons, they form by their enormous aggregation, in process of time, the vast strata of which we speak. For this purpose, it is necessary that they should be capable of multiplying immensely; and this they do by the different processes of spontaneous fissuration, gemmation, and the development of ova. The white calcareous earth so common at the bottoms of bogs and morasses has its origin in the ceaseless labors of these creatures; and the "bog-iron ore" of geologists consists of the ferruginous shields of others. Thus, as has been aptly remarked by the old Latin proverb, "iron, flint, and lime, all formed by worms," which was probably a sly sarcasm against philosophy, modern science has shown to be actually true in the history of the animalcules. The Great Pyramid of Egypt has been looked upon by men as a miracle of human power and skill; yet every stone in its composition is a greater far, for the limestone of which this vast structure is built was erected long ago by an army of humble animalcules more numerous than all the hosts of a thousand Pharaohs. It has been finely said by Young—

Where is the dust that has not been alive?

though perhaps he little knew the wide application of the truth he was enunciating. In Lapland, we are told that in certain places there exists a stratum of earth called *bergmehl*, full of fossil animalcules. It contains four per cent. of animal matter, for the sake of which the wretched inhabitants, when hard pressed for food, collect this earth, and mixing it up with a portion of the bark of trees ground to powder, use it as food. The town of Richmond, in Virginia, is entirely built on a bed of siliceous marl composed of these creatures, and on the average about twenty feet in thickness.

From the consideration of these stupendous results of animalcule labor, we may turn to the equally interesting one of that of the zoophytes. When we mention the term coral formations, it will certainly convey to the major part of our readers that impression of the vast importance of apparently insignificant beings which we desire, since, thanks to the interesting and popular character of many of our valuable scientific works, much information on the subject is now abroad. Let us, however, mention a few of the remarkable works executed by these indefatigable laborers. Captain Flinders describes a coral-reef on the east coast of New Holland which is 1000 miles long. In one part it is unbroken for a distance

of 350 miles. Enormous masses of this structure also brave the fury of the wide-spread waters of the Pacific. These groups are from 1100 to 1200 miles long, by 300 or 400 in breadth. The following extract from that most interesting work, "Darwin's Journal," will convey a good idea of the extent of these labors in one spot—Keeling Island, which is an entire mass of coral:—"Such formations rank high amongst the wonderful objects of this world. Captain Fitzroy found no bottom with a line 7200 feet long, at a distance of only 2200 yards from the shore. Hence this island forms a lofty submarine mountain, with sides steeper even than the most abrupt volcanic cone. The saucer-shaped summit is ten miles across; and every single atom, from the least particle to the largest fragment of rock in this great hill—which, however, is small compared with very many other lagoon islands—bears the stamp of having been subject to organic arrangement. We feel surprised," he adds, "when travellers tell us of the vast dimensions of the Pyramids and other great ruins; but how utterly insignificant are the greatest of them when compared to these mountains of stone accumulated by the agency of various minute and tender animals."

The entomologist, jealous for the honor of his science, will tell us that a similar lesson may be learned by equally striking illustrations from the page of insect life; nor is it a violation of our pre-fatory compact to include the displays of insect power under the dynamics of insignificance. When countries have been shaved of their increase, when kings and councils have been perplexed, and whole nations have trembled, at the sound of an insect's wing, we are justified in giving their deeds a record in this place and on this occasion. Let him that can count the leaves of the thickest forest despise, if he can, the powers of that legion of caterpillars of which Reaumur speaks as having brought a premature winter upon a dense wood in France which he visited. Every tree was overrun with them; and in a brief time, from the refreshing green of spring, the whole scene assumed the parched brown aspect of late autumn. Such was the alarm excited, that an act of the government was called forth, decreeing that everybody should assist in the extermination of the insects. But they were not to be annihilated by "act of parliament;" cold and rain killed them. The Hessian fly, supposed to have been carried by the far less formidable Hessian troops from Germany, committed for a length of time the most awful ravages in North America. At one period it was thought they would annihilate the culture of wheat altogether. They came in enormous numbers, thickening the very air, crossing lakes and rivers like a cloud. In a tumbler of beer, 500 met death by drowning! The privy council, we are told, met day by day to consult what measures could be adopted to destroy these ravagers. Expresses were despatched to France, Austria, Prussia, and America, for full information; and the minutes of council and necessary documents fill



upwards of 200 pages. All this about an insignificant fly! The weevils, likewise, have an evil name for their destroying powers. Every voyager knows them, and has watched their manœuvres in his biscuits, or has been on the point of swallowing hundreds in his soup. A great brewer used to say that he collected them out of his granaries by bushels; which cannot be wondered at, when we remember that a single pair will, in the course of one year, become surrounded with a family of 6000. Our grapes are often cut down for us, and withered before their time, by the larvæ of other insects. In the course of the last century they multiplied so excessively in Sweden, that numbers of meadows became white and dry, as if scorched. The larvæ of our childhood's friend, "Daddy long-legs," some years ago entirely destroyed hundreds of acres of the best and richest pasture-land, all becoming brown, dry, and dead. A piece of turf, a square foot in size, when examined, contained the enormous number of 210 grubs! After all, what are these to the locusts, that oppressive scourge with which Providence occasionally visits nations! To quote a single instance:—In Russia, in 1650, they came at three points in vast multitudes; they darkened the very air, covered the earth, and in some places their dead bodies formed a stratum four feet deep; the trees literally *bent* under them, and were of course stripped clean in a very little time. On one occasion they were said to be the indirect causes of the death of about a million men and animals. Surely here is a display of power which redeems insects from the stigma of insignificance!

But this is not all. The insect known as the *Teredo navalis* commits a more subtle, but scarcely less terrible work upon the wooden structures of our piers. The piers of Holland are suffering immensely from the destroying powers of this humble insect; and apprehensions are seriously entertained that, by its injuring the timber-work of the dams, the day may come when the country will be flooded. The authors of the "Introduction to Entomology" tell us that the piers of Bridlington Harbor, in our own country, are going rapidly to ruin by the attacks of a little wood-louse! In three years they reduced a three-inch plank to less than an inch in thickness. What will be thought of our subject when we state that a ship of the line, a British man-of-war, was attacked by insects, and the vast structure more roughly handled than she had been in the severest action! So seriously, indeed, had she been injured, that it was only by firmly lashing her together that she could be saved from foundering with all on board! And lastly, the *termites*, or white ants, are worse still. Think of an army of puny insects sweeping away every relic of a village, or reducing a monarch of the forest to the thickness of brown paper; or, more audacious still, threatening the gorgeous palace of the governor-general of India with ruin! We may well join, then, with Mr. Lyell, while wondering at the vast and often suddenly-created powers of the in-

sect world, in saying, "If, for the sake of employing on different but rare occasions a power of 200 horses, we were under the necessity of feeding all these animals at great cost in the intervals, we should greatly admire the invention of such a machine as the steam-engine, which was capable at any moment of exerting the same degree of strength without any consumption of food during the periods of inaction. The same kind of admiration is excited when we contemplate the powers of insect life, in the creation of which the Author of Nature has been so prodigal. A scanty number of minute individuals, to be detected only by careful research, are ready in a few days, weeks, or months, to give birth to myriads; but no sooner has the destroying commission been executed, than the gigantic power becomes dormant."

Our final illustrations may be taken from the kingdom of inorganic nature. Our endeavor is to show the vast energies of the expansive force of such an insignificant thing as a drop of frozen water, or a foot of heated rock. Whoever has read Scoresby's interesting and valuable work on the arctic regions, must have been struck with the account he gives of the broken state of the rocks in Spitzbergen. On landing, he ascended the beach towards several hills of some elevation; but he found that climbing was almost impossible, in consequence of the excessively loose state of the stones on the surface. It was in vain to attempt to walk, as the feet lost their hold, and the traveller came down in a shower of stones. The only pace to be adopted was that of a sort of jumping run, which would prove inordinately fatiguing. "These rocks," he writes, "appear solid in the distance, but on examination, they were found to be full of fractures in every direction, so that it was with difficulty that a specimen of *five or six pounds* in a solid mass could be obtained. The least movement sent floods of stones down the rock. Cliffs of a thousand feet were found fissured in every direction; and toward the sea-edge, stones weighing more than two or three ounces each could not be obtained." Darwin makes the same observation on Terra del Fuego and within the Andes. Here, he says, he often observed that where the rock was covered with snow, its surface was shivered in an extraordinary manner into small angular fragments. On the Cordilleras, the rock crumbles in great quantities, and masses of detritus slide down every spring like great avalanches. There can be no doubt that this enormous destruction of rock is due to a very simple cause. Many of our public buildings suffer in a similar manner; and in the severe winters of Quebec, the most serious damage is done to the granite piers by the same force. Yet the power which thus levels the great mountains by degrees, and brings them to communion with the dust of the lowly earth, is but the expansion of water, which, becoming infiltrated into their substance, or dropping into crevices, rends them asunder, when it is in the act of freezing, with a force nothing can resist. How important an agent this

is in the work of renewing the earth we need scarcely say.

From certain experiments made in America by a gentleman of practical scientific research, it appears that it is impossible, in countries having a variation of more than 90 degrees Fahrenheit annual temperature, to construct a coping of stones five feet long in which the joints will be water-tight. Mr. Lyell, proceeding on the calculations arrived at in these experiments, states that if we can suppose a mass of sandstone a mile in thickness to have its temperature raised 200 degrees Fahrenheit, it would lift a superincumbent layer of rock to the height of ten feet. "But suppose a part of the earth's crust 100 miles thick and equally expandable, the temperature of which was raised 600 or 700 degrees. This might produce an elevation of between 2000 and 3000 feet. The cooling of the same mass, again, might afterwards cause the overlying rocks to sink down again, and resume their original position. By such agency we might explain the gradual rise of Scandinavia." Calculations have been made by geologists which appear to account for the elevation of land in Sweden by a rise of only three degrees temperature, (Reaumur,) supposing the stratum to be 140,000 feet thick. Upon a similar supposition, the rise and fall of the waters of the Caspian Sea might be explained, supposing its bed subject to alternate elevations and depressions of temperature. Again, if the strata were principally clay, as it is well known that that substance contracts when heated, we might account for the subsidence of land on the supposition that the clay strata were contracting under the influence of heat. No one at all acquainted with the enormous, the, in truth, immeasurable force of contraction and expansion under the influence of caloric, will feel a doubt that the cause assigned is at least adequate to the effects produced. Yet how insignificant a thing an icicle! how apparently inappreciable the amount of increase in a heat-expanded stone!

When all creation inculcates the same truth, it would be manifestly easy to multiply examples by rambling over many other equally interesting fields of study. But to give a complete view of the subject is neither within the scope, nor is it the legitimate object of an "article." It appears, indeed, as if the wisdom and power of the Creator were in nothing more manifest than in the astonishing force He has committed to the charge, not of the great and mighty of this world of nature, but to the humble and individually feeble insect or animalcule. The remark of Sir John Herschel forms an apposite conclusion to our paper:—"To the natural philosopher there is no natural object that is unimportant or trifling. From the least of nature's works he may learn the greatest lessons."

From Chambers' Journal.

DR. CHANNING.

DR. CHANNING's writings have been widely diffused, and have exerted a remarkable influence

in this country as well as in America. Our natural desire to know the history of a mind the workings of which have been so powerful, and to see how far the lofty ideal of a writer is embodied in his own life, is gratified by a copious memoir of him just published by his nephew. We shall extract a short account of him from this large work, which is reprinted in England, under the protection of a late copyright law.

William Ellery Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island, United States, on the 7th of April 1780. His maternal grandfather, William Ellery, was a man of eminence, and at one period a member of Congress. He lived to the age of ninety-three, and his beneficial influence was gratefully acknowledged by his namesake. His father, William Channing, (whose grandfather emigrated from Dorsetshire in 1712,) was an able lawyer, and attorney-general of his native state. He was an hospitable, benevolent, and religious man, and had deep horror at profaneness. His son "owed it to him, that though living in the atmosphere of this vice, no profane word ever passed his lips." His wife, who lived to the age of eighty-two, and was treated by Dr. Channing with great filial reverence, was remarkable for her rectitude and simplicity of character, and for an entire truthfulness too rarely to be found. She exercised a scrupulous thoroughness in her domestic details, and was somewhat rigid in her discipline. William was early remarkable for purity and self-command; he avoided bad company, and was accustomed, in a gentle tone, which removed offence, to rebuke all obscenity and profaneness. He was early actuated by the rule—not to let the left hand know what his right hand did. He had a peculiar regard for the rights and feelings of others; and his tenderness was manifested in his treatment of animals; and he was equally distinguished by noble-heartedness and courage. These features of his character are displayed in interesting anecdotes. His father's death, in 1793, which left his family in very reduced circumstances, stimulated his independent energy and foresight for others; but a shade of premature seriousness was given to his temper.

At fourteen, he entered Harvard University, at Cambridge, near Boston, United States. As a boy, he was noted rather for his contemplative habits than for his attainments. He had not been a quick scholar, and his anxiety to understand thoroughly whatever was presented to him gave him the appearance of dullness. It is said that he found the difficulties of acquiring Latin to be insurmountable, until an assistant in his father's office, taking pity on the plodding boy, gave him such assistance as helped him forward. The first step being taken, his progress in the classics was rapid; but, his taste was philosophy; and with noble aspirations, he possessed an early ardor for freedom. As a student, he was remarkable for the eloquence and beauty of his compositions.

Those who knew him in after-life as a frail, attenuated invalid, would hardly recognize this

description of him by his fellow-student, Washington Allston, the poet-painter:—"Though small in stature, his person at that time was rather muscular than slender. I should think it was even athletic, from the manner in which he prolonged the contests with heavier antagonists in the wrestling-matches that were then common among the students; and for animal spirits he was no less remarkable than for his intellectual enthusiasm, amounting occasionally to unrestrained hilarity, but never passing the bounds of propriety. I well remember his laugh, which could not have been heartier without being obstreperous." He records with deep gratitude that he was preserved from the contagion that surrounded him. "The state of morals among the students was anything but good; but poverty, a dread of debt, well-chosen friends, the pleasures of intellectual improvement, regard to my surviving parent, and an almost instinctive shrinking from gross vice, to which natural timidity and religious principle contributed not a little, proved effectual safeguards. Had the bounds of purity once been broken, I know not that I should ever have returned to virtue." He and his friend Story (afterwards an eminent judge) declined the use of wine even at convivial entertainments.

His classmates urged him to apply himself to law, as affording the best field for his eloquence; but he writes, "In my senior year, the prevalence of infidelity, imported from France, led me to inquire into the evidences of Christianity, and then *I found for what I was made*. My heart embraced its great objects with an interest which has been increasing to this hour."

After leaving college, at the age of eighteen, he spent part of two years at Richmond, Virginia, as tutor to the family of Mr. Randolph, a gentleman of station. This period exerted an important influence over his whole life. He saw quite a different phase of society, and heard opinions which were new to him. He admired a generosity and frankness which contrasted favorably with the avarice and calculating prudence of the north. He was, however, disgusted by the sensuality that prevailed, and saw that the demoralizing influences of slavery, which, however, had not reached their subsequent enormity, extended to the master as well as to his victim.

"Absorbed in the duty of teaching during the day, and living much apart from the family, Mr. Channing was prompted by his wish for quick advancement to pass most of the night in study. He usually remained at his desk till two or three in the morning, and often saw the day break before retiring to rest. He had also gained from the Stoics, and from his own pure standard of virtue, ascetic notions of curbing the animal nature, and of hardening himself for difficult duties. For the purpose of overcoming effeminacy, he accustomed himself to sleep on the bare floor, and would spring up at any hour of waking to walk about in the cold." He suffered from insufficient clothing, as he did not allow himself to use the

money sent him from home; and he spent his salary in the purchase of books. He found himself too meanly clad to accept the invitations which would have cheered his spirits. "This slight experience of poverty sank deep into his memory, and gave him through life most tender compassion for the needy." He "passed through intellectual and moral conflicts, through excitements of heart and mind, so absorbing, as often to banish sleep, and to destroy almost wholly the power of digestion." He "was worn well-nigh to a skeleton." From his ignorance of the laws of nature, he sinned against his bodily constitution, and suffered accordingly. In his system were planted the germs of disease, the growth of which overshadowed his whole life, and greatly diminished his powers of usefulness.

On his return from Richmond, a thin and pallid invalid, he remained a year and a half at home, pursuing his theological studies, and instructing one or two pupils. He had access to a valuable public library; and what was of more consequence to one of his susceptible temperament, to a fine sea-coast; which he visited, not like Demosthenes, to make his eloquence audible amidst the waves, but to awaken his soul by the voice of nature. "No spot on earth," he says, "has helped to form me so much as that beach; there I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest; there, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions; there, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of the power within; there, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the winds and waves: there began a happiness, surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune—the happiness of communing with the works of God." This delight in nature pervaded his life; and many portions of his biography manifest his enthusiasm for scenery, and his discriminating perception of its peculiar beauties.

In 1803 he resided at Cambridge as regent of the college, an office the duty of which was to exercise a general superintendence over the building in which he lived, and which allowed him ample time for self-improvement. At this period he seems to have read less than he thought and wrote. He thought it better that a few thoughts should be clearly impressed on his mind, than that he should be lost in the chaos of universal knowledge, which had hitherto distracted him. The unsleeping vigilance of conscience which distinguished his moral also pervaded his intellectual nature. He would not rest content in superficial glimpses of a truth, but desired to view it in all its bearings, and listened with the utmost candor to every objection. He had an "unappeasable desire to obtain such a view of any subject as should have coherent wholeness in itself, and be at unity with other views which he regarded as established." When he read, he had his pen in hand, and noted questions, hints, statements, germs of interesting views, &c., which were afterwards



accurately classified. And when engaged in thought, he would write down what occurred to him, as a means of gaining clearness and definiteness.

He began to preach in his twenty-third year, and so great was the admiration excited by his genius and devotional spirit, that he at once received invitations to two churches in Boston. Conscious of weak health, he accepted the invitation of the humbler society in Federal Street, which, however, soon rose to importance through his eloquence; for this "made a sensation such as had been long unknown in Boston, distinguished as many of her ministers justly were"—and in a few years a new and spacious edifice was erected for him. In the most delicate manner he provided for his family, whom he invited to live with him, endeavoring to keep from them the knowledge of his kindness; and he faithfully redeemed the assurance he made his mother, that she should never find the duties of a Christian minister were inconsistent with those of a son. He never saved from an ample income, giving to the poor what his own relatives did not need, and being so narrow in his outlay upon himself, that only his great neatness preserved him from an unbecoming meanness. He selected for his own use the worst rooms in his house, and declined even necessary comforts. Though we cannot but respect the holiness of his motives and his moral heroism, we see that his opposition to nature was injurious. His health continued to suffer; his spirits were affected; and whilst the world admired his success, he often felt such despondency, from a sense of unworthiness, much caused by bodily languor, that he almost resolved to quit his profession. His extreme seriousness repelled many whom he desired to win; but those who were intimate with him were impressed by his devoted love and gentleness.

He devoted himself assiduously to pastoral ministrations, and made as cheerful a sacrifice of the time which he intended for study or pulpit preparation, as he did of his strength or money, when he saw any who needed it; but from the usual error of ministers, in delaying composition till the last, this often constrained him to sit up late on Saturday night, which of course increased the excitement of his Sunday labors. He took a deep interest in the children of his society, to whom, before Sunday schools were introduced, he gave familiar instruction. The simplicity of his language, and his heart-opening love, made his addresses to them very intelligible and attractive.

It was a source of much distress to him that the intolerance and exclusiveness of the times forced him to engage in controversy. He carried into the field, however, the spirit of justice and true charity; and as soon as he deemed that he had in some measure established the right of private judgment, and fairly displayed the great principles at which he had arrived after faithful inquiry, he gladly retired from polemical theology.

In 1814 he married his cousin, a lady of prop-

erty, who seems to have been well fitted to promote his happiness. Henceforward his lot was singularly serene. His asceticism was softened, and his greater cheerfulness of spirit rendered the sacrifices which he continued to make more beneficial to others. He had always formed a remarkably high estimate of the female sex, and this was practically shown in a regard for their rights. It was his opinion, on which he always scrupulously acted, that married women ought to have the entire control over the property which they brought with them. Whilst the respect, and love, and comfort which surrounded him made his outward condition prosperous, his constitution was so much impaired by his early struggles, that he was unable to continue his ministerial duties, and he sought health in a visit to Europe. Here he met with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others, whom he valued for their writings; and the varied scenery and the new phases of society which he observed, with entire rest from anxious duty, and communion with other minds, seemed to make a new era in his life. Of England he always spoke in terms of respect and affection. "Nowhere on earth," he writes, "will you find a people more highminded, more jealous of their rights, more bold in expressing their thoughts, more resolute and earnest in putting forth all the powers of human nature."

It was not till 1824 that he contributed to an American periodical those essays on Milton, Fennelon, and Bonaparte, which procured him such celebrity. He never was anxious for fame, and seemed singularly indifferent to the reception his writings met with, as far as his own celebrity was concerned; though he was eager for their diffusion, on account of the truths he believed them to contain. He was in the habit of avoiding the sight of criticisms on himself, whether eulogistic or the contrary; and he found the task of revising what he had once published an ungenial one. "I have something," he says, "of the nature of the inferior animals in regard to my literary offspring. When once they have taken flight, I cast them off, and have no need of further acquaintance."

He gradually retired from his pulpit duties, as he found the exertion and excitement extremely injurious; but his concern for human welfare seemed to grow with his years. Peace, temperance, education, and freedom, found him an able and discriminating advocate; though he thought it best to decline all connection with associations, and to utter his voice as an individual. His Lectures on Self-Culture, and on the Elevation of the Laboring Classes, contain the best expression of his principles and aims. A friend deemed these efforts a waste and perversion of his powers! But he felt that it was especially the duty of the spiritually-minded to show how what is divine may mingle with, and be brought out in, common life, and in every condition. These lectures obtained an extensive circulation among the operatives in Great Britain.

In 1830 he went for his health to Santa Cruz, (Cuba,) and the horrors of slavery which he there witnessed revived his early impressions; and, he

says, he went through a regeneration on this subject. He made preparations for the work which he subsequently published; and he stated some of his feelings from the pulpit when he returned; but the excited state of public feeling, and a reluctance to join the anti-slavery party, many of whose measures he disapproved, led him to keep it back for some years. In 1834 he had much conversation with the Rev. S. J. May, who took a warm interest in the movement, and expressed his objections to the severity, harshness, and vehemence which he thought the characteristics of the abolition meetings. Mr. May, after listening for some time, very forcibly and warmly urged upon Dr. Channing that if the cause of freedom was injured by improper advocacy, those should be the last to complain who were capable of doing the subject justice, yet had allowed themselves to be silent. "At this point," says Mr. May, "I bethought me to whom I was administering this earnest rebuke—the man who stood among the highest of our great and good men—the man who had ever treated me with the kindness of a father, and whom, from my childhood, I had been accustomed to revere more perhaps than any one living. I was almost overwhelmed with a sense of my temerity. His countenance showed that he was much moved. I could not suppose that he would receive very graciously all I had said. I awaited in painful expectation the reply he would make. It seemed as if long minutes elapsed before the silence was broken; when, in a very subdued manner, and in his kindest tones of voice, he said—'Brother May, I acknowledge the justice of your reproof; I have been silent too long.' I never can forget his words, look, and manner. I then saw the beauty, the magnanimity of a humble soul. He was exalted in my esteem more than before." Dr. Channing took opportunities of showing that this increased respect was reciprocated.

In 1835 the work on slavery was published, and this was followed at intervals by other publications bearing on the same subject, among which we may mention his protest against the annexation of Texas. His labors were not confined to the study. When the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, the editor of an abolition paper, was shot by a mob, he felt impelled to protest against this violence on the liberty of the press, and headed a requisition for a public meeting. The Boston authorities for a time refused to grant the Faneuil Hall; at length they yielded, and a meeting was held, at which, after a doubtful contest, freedom triumphed. The sacrifice made by Dr. Channing was very great: the leading members of his congregation were opposed to him; many of his near and early friends fell away from him. "The absurd notion was originated at this time that he intended to change his calling for a political one. The coldness towards him which then began to manifest itself was never entirely removed; and suspicions with regard to the purity of his aim were cherished by a few even to the end of his life; they could not understand the depth of his

desire to make religion the controlling principle in human affairs."

As he advanced in life, he became more social, without being less holy. His youth was one of restraint and reserve, and was deeply tinged with melancholy. It is much to be regretted that false views of duty then led him to an asceticism which weakened his body, and often impaired his mental energy; but this was not unattended with a growth in spiritual strength. The fruit of his discipline was at first crude and uninviting; but by always opening his mind to the perception of the great, good, and beautiful, which was as needful to him as light to the flower, it mellowed and ripened as it grew. Were it not that we trust that some will be induced by this imperfect sketch to study the work itself, we should greatly regret that our limits prevent us from transcribing the beautiful description of his later life, which the last volume contains. One of the most pleasing features in it was his attachment to the young, whom he was fond of having around him. "A little child during one of these visits threw herself into the arms of an elder friend, and smiling through her tears, exclaimed, 'Oh, this is heaven!' so subdued did she feel by the atmosphere of love which he diffused. And a young girl wrote, 'He welcomed me with a kindness that took away all fear—a kindness that I felt I might trust forever, for it was like that which must belong to spirits in eternity. His daily life is illuminated by a holiness which makes his actions as impulsive and peaceful as a child's: it is a happiness to be in his presence.'"

His last effort was in behalf of freedom. He desired to commemorate West Indian emancipation, and wrote an address "under the inspiration of the mountains—which you know are the 'holy land' of liberty—which he delivered at Lennox, August 1, 1842. He had not strength to speak the whole of it; but he did not know that he ever spoke with more effect, and felt that he had found his way to the hearts of his hearers. Mrs. Sedgwick, who was present, said that 'his countenance was full of spiritual beauty; and when he uttered that beautiful invocation towards the close of his address—which would not have been more characteristic or fitting had he known that he should never speak again in public—he looked like one inspired.'"

He was so exhausted, that he was obliged to seclude himself for several days. His subsequent letters display the most beautiful, hopeful, and loving spirit. The time at length came for his release. The description given of his closing days is most touching and elevating. To the last he found the greatest comfort from the gospel he had preached; he was "true to all the relations of duty," and felt the reality of a spiritual life.

It was the evening of Sunday, October 2, 1842, that he gazed for the last time on the valleys and woody summits on which the setting sun had shed its hues of beauty; and then gently, imperceptibly, sank to rest. Death had no terrors for him; and when, by a spontaneous impulse, his congregation

passed up the middle aisle at his funeral, to gaze on his countenance for the last time, it seemed as of "one entranced in a dream of glory." It is not the least touching proof of the affection which his expansive charity nurtured, that the bell of the Catholic cathedral tolled as the sad procession moved from the church. Though connected with a sect, he was in reality a man of no sect or party, his great aim apparently being to infuse the spirit of the gospel into the daily concerns of the world—not a world standing still or retrograding, but advancing towards the highest aims of civilization. It is pleasing to add, that objections to the theological tenets of Dr. Channing do not prevent our entertaining a high admiration of his general writings; but this admiration rises to a far higher feeling as we study his biography; for we see that, "singularly lofty as is the spirit which his writings breathe, he was true to them in heart and life;" and we find the secret of his eloquence in the power which elevated ideas and enlarged conceptions of all that is just, pure, true, grand, beautiful, loving, and holy, had in the transformation of his being.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### ENEMIES.

Men are continually heard talking of their enemies. It seems to be universally understood that everybody has enemies. We hear of such and such a person being ill-spoken of; but then he has many enemies. We hear of some one having been extremely unfortunate—he had made himself many enemies. I believe there is a great fallacy in all this, and that scarcely any one has enemies worthy of the name, much less that any one is ever seriously injured by them. People are in general too much engrossed, each by his own affairs, to make any very active war against each other. Jealous, envious, rancorous they often are, but to wage positive hostilities, they are for the most part too indifferent. Though it were otherwise, society is not now constituted in such a way as to admit of one man being to any serious extent hurtful to another. When I hear, therefore, of any man attributing his non-success in business, the invariably severe treatment of his books in the reviews, or the rejection of his pictures at the exhibition, to enemies, I feel that a cause inadequate to the effect has been cited, and, while listening politely, do not believe, though I daresay he does.

The fact is, this proneness to attribute our mischances to enemies is merely one of the refuges of our self-love. Admitting possible exceptions, it may be said emphatically that we are none of us anybody's enemies but our own. We are all, however, our own enemies. The same is true of corporations and institutions. Hence it is the merchant who effects his own ruin; it is the author who writes himself down. Dynasties, ministries, parties, die not but by suicide. And it is the friends of great causes and venerable systems

who are most apt to be the obstructors of the one and the destroyers of the other.

We see this principle hold good in a signal manner in the proceedings of party politicians. The French proclaim a republic. Before it has had a three months' trial, behold a sort of military dictator presiding over it. Whose blame is this? None but that of the men who were most republican. For anything that appears, the moderate people would have sat quiet under the purely democratic rule of the national assembly, and the very appearance of a soldier might have been dispensed with. But the ardent lovers of democracy contrive to frighten the mass of the community, who consequently are fain to abandon liberty for the sake of personal safety. In the same manner in England, let a town muster a few hundred people desirous of state reforms, their sentiments and voice are made of no avail, because of there chancing to be perhaps four or five people in the same place who are so much more zealous in the cause, that they would not scruple to use violence in advancing it. It almost would appear to be the final cause of an *extrême gauche*, to raise a salutary terror, and by that means prevent changes being made with inconvenient rapidity. On the other hand, is any institution challenged as no longer consonant with the opinions or favorable to the interest of mankind, we always see that the attacks of those who long for its reformation or removal do it little harm, in comparison with the conduct of its most zealous supporters. Often we see these act with a folly that makes us say, that if the enemy had their choice of means for ruining the institution, they could select none so likely to be effectual. It seems to be sufficient to summon the fortress, and the garrison immediately act so desperately ill amongst themselves, as almost to insure a speedy surrender without stroke of sword.\*

\* We cannot resist the application of these remarks to the nullifiers, north as well as south, on the subject of slavery. For a while, it seemed that the violence of the small northern-sect, which was ready to trample down the Union, and destroy order, labor, peace, and plenty, rather than belong to a nation of which a portion had not yet freed itself from the entailment of slavery—it seemed as if their unreasoning violence disgusted even their own part of the country, and would prolong the existence of the evil which they attacked. But after it had produced this effect in some degree, uprose Mr. Calhoun and others, and threatened to dissolve the Union, unless such a new construction should be given to the Constitution, as would prevent the majority from doing what it has always done before—from setting limits beyond the States to a State institution. And this violence of a few southern politicians, is now (but only for awhile we hope) lessening the brotherly affection of many northern people, who do not understand that a few noisy men are heard farther than the contrary opinions of many who are quiet and silent! Come, General Taylor! and while the will of the majority makes our laws, teach us all to unite in loving and honoring another southern man! one, who, like Washington, loves his whole country; who, like Washington, has been reared to war, and holds slaves—



Thirty years ago, a captive prince of singular fortune lived on the island of St. Helena, in the Atlantic Ocean. He had risen to the summit of human greatness, and to all appearance had founded a new dynasty more illustrious than that of Charlemagne. He had enemies external to himself, but their petty efforts against him only served to increase his greatness. Napoleon, however, had one enemy truly formidable—he had himself. Through the machinations of this deadly foe was accomplished a ruin which all Europe had vainly conspired to bring about.

The laboring people of this country have a notion that the rest of the community are their enemies. Any one who mingles with the rest of the community must see that these are full of good-feeling towards the laborers, are constantly speculating about the means of benefiting them, and in reality spend largely in their behalf. They are not the enemies of the working-classes; but it is not difficult to see who are. It is the working-classes themselves, who, arrogating the privilege of dispensing with forethought and self-denial, and throwing on others the blame of all mischances, subject themselves to such bitter woe in consequence, that if one tenth of it were really visited on any one set of people by another, the world would ring with it forever. What should we think, for instance, of a government which should force its industrious millions to spend each a large portion of his gains on indulgences alike injurious to health and morals? Yet this, we know, is done by the working classes themselves. What should we think of a master who permitted no new entrant into his work without a sum of money being paid to make a feast with, however difficult it might be to raise such a sum? Yet exclusions of this kind are common among the men themselves. A few years ago, in a work in the west of Scotland, each new apprentice paid his fellows about seven pounds for "leave to toil!" and when six or seven such sums had been amassed, there was a debauch which lasted a fortnight, involving the whole district in vice and wretchedness. There is a story of a master sailcloth-maker recommending a widow's son into his own work, with an entreaty that the boy might be spared the usual payment. He thought he had been successful; but the youth was from the first subjected to so much persecution, that, being wholly unable to raise the money by any common means, he found it necessary to go to a distance each evening in disguise, and there stand for an hour or two begging from the passers-by. In this strange way he at length obtained the means of purchasing a license to live by his industry.\* The whole system of *finer* for the admission of new hands into trades presents a striking view of a class acting as its own enemy.

but who also resembles him, in thinking slavery an evil not to be extended; and war a curse, to be resolutely averted.

Some men are said to have a turn for making enemies, while to others is awarded the praise of having none. But though there is such a thing as enemy-making, it amounts to little, such enemies being seldom able to do any harm. The more narrowly we examine our position, and the things which affect us in the world, the more we shall be convinced that our only formidable enemies are ourselves. The tongue that truly detracts from our credit and glory is our own tongue: the hand that most mercilessly despoils us of our property is our own hand. All the real murders in this world—that is, apart from the mere commonplace killings of men and women—are self-murders. Conceit tells us a different tale, and we are too ready to lay on the flattering unction. But all great successes, all the grander triumphs, will be in proportion to our seeing the truth as it really stands; namely, that the hardest obstacles, the most real dangers, lie in the perverse impulses of our own nature.

For the Living Age.

#### MORE ABOUT COCKROACHES.

I WAS much amused by a piece in No. 227, which gave an account of cockroaches on ship-board; and the perusal of it has called to my mind some reminiscences and some of my experience, which I have thought might not be uninteresting to your readers.

In the year 1845 I was on the return voyage from China. We had been six months trading between the different ports in China and the port of Manilla. We had carried two cargoes of dyewood from Manilla to Shanghai, besides taking everything else that was offered, from bird's nests to bar iron.

In the knots, holes and decayed pieces of the dyewood, which formed our principal cargo, were secreted immense quantities of vermin, consisting of red ants, scorpions, centipedes, lizards, and last, but not least, a reinforcement of our already large and voracious army of cockroaches; so that by the time our ship was ready for home, she was little better than a sailing entomological repository. Scorpions, with their tails erect over their backs, walked about the decks in the most dignified manner imaginable. Centipedes crawled around in the cracks or ensconced themselves between the blankets in the sailors' "bunks." Red ants by the million occupied every nook and corner; the bright eyes of the lizards were seen like jewels set in every snug crack; and the cockroaches pervaded everything. Of all others, these were the most intolerable nuisance. No place was sacred from their presence, and nothing came amiss to them in the eating line: all was "grist that came to their hopper." They ate everything in the shape of animal food which came in their way, from our salt beef down to the horn buttons on our jackets; and they seemed most especially to delight in making a meal of the carpenter's toe nails. I have seen him get up in the morning with his

\* See Dunlop's *Drinking Usages*, pp. 16, 127, 198.

toes bleeding at every nail, the consequence of a singular propensity which cockroaches have in a marked degree, that of satisfying the demands of their stomach at all hazards.

The greatest enemy which the cockroach had was the red ant. Two or three of these little indefatigables would steal up behind a large cockroach who was eating, and when he was all engaged, they would spring upon him, generally striking him on the head; and so quickly would they mortally wound him, that he would scarce ever run more than a foot or two before he would fall and die. We often after dinner would amuse ourselves by watching the evolutions of the ants, and noticing the ingenuity, amounting almost to reason, which they displayed in despatching and disposing of a cockroach.

In order to eye the *modus operandi* to better advantage, we would entice a good fat specimen into the middle of the steerage floor, by gradually moving some dainty bit before him till we had got him in a good position, when we would leave him to the tender mercies of the ants militant, who were ever on the watch for the unwary.

The cockroach, knowing his danger, would for a time keep his eyes about him as he ate, and change his position, in order to see if any ants were coming too near; but as he became more and more interested in discussing his meal, his vigilance would relax, and then the ants would approach, taking good care to keep directly behind him, or, as the sailors said, "in his wake." Three or four only would approach in this manner, and when close to him they would branch out so as to get abreast of him, and when within an inch or two, they would give a spring and fasten upon his head, and before he would have time to compose himself to meet the "king of terrors," he was a defunct cockroach. As soon as the deed was done, the hitherto concealed ants would swarm around, and drag the yet quivering carcass off to their hole. If the body was too large to be taken into their quarters whole, they would proceed to gnaw off and carry in the wings and legs separately; and if in its dismembered state it offered too great an obstacle, it was quickly cut up and housed piecemeal.

Great quantities of cockroaches must have been destroyed in this way, for the ants were very numerous, and they seemed to be continually engaged in this "knock down and carry out" business. They seldom or never missed a cockroach; but flies, which they attacked in the same manner, sometimes were too quick for them.

We wished the ants all manner of good success in their hunts, and should have been pleased to have had them confine their attentions to the insect tribe; but the worst of it was, they used to relish now and then a little sport in the human line, which was not so agreeable to us; and the middle of the steerage floor was sometimes the arena for a brush off and sweep out combat in which they were sufferers "a few."

Hartford, Conn.

G. T. BISSELL.

#### GREEN VAULTS OF DRESDEN.

OUR guide informed us that having made up a party to see the celebrated *Grüne Gewölbe*, or Green Vaults, he was now ready to conduct us thither. It is usual to make up a party to see this place, because the fee for entrance is two dollars, and for which sum six persons are admitted. The reason, I believe, is entirely a regard to the value of the articles shown, and the danger of their abstraction. The collection consists of magnificent and precious objects of art pertaining to the royal family, and arranged in a series of vaulted apartments on the ground-floor of the palace of the sovereign. Why they are called Green Vaults is not explained, though they probably derive this name from the walls having at one time been colored green. At present they are lighted with windows, well stanchioned, and kept in the nicest order; the place resembles a jeweller's shop, disposed with glass-cases, shelves, brackets, and tables, bearing a profusion of little articles in gold, ivory, pearl, bronze, enamel, horn, wood, &c. A most obliging person, who speaks German, French, and English, conducts the party slowly through the rooms, and politely gives the history of the more interesting articles; while from secret peep-holes, and with the aid of mirrors, an attendant, unknown to the visitors, keeps a strict watch on their movements—a precaution not unnecessary, for not long since a "lady" endeavored to carry off in her reticule a unique and valuable curiosity from one of the tables, and suffered the humiliation of detection. The origin of the collection dates as far back as the first elector of Saxony, a contemporary of Charles V., from which time each reigning prince added to it the presents he received, and the most magnificent articles he could purchase. The most assiduous and enlightened of those royal collectors was Augustus II., surnamed the Strong, (1694–1733.) who became King of Poland. This was evidently the great man of Saxon history, for he is heard of everywhere. His strength seems to have far exceeded that of ordinary mortals. At Munich, a stone of about a couple of hundred weight is shown in the arcade of the old palace; and this he is said to have thrown to a height marked on the wall above. Augustus enriched the collection with works of the illustrious Dinglinger in gold and enamel, the specimens of which excel anything that can be imagined in point of artistic talent. The first room or cabinet is that devoted to bronzes, of which there are 110 groups, statuettes, and figures, principally after the antique. No. 48, "A Little Dog Scratching Itself," by Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, is much admired. So likewise is No. 113, "Charles II. of England as St. George killing the Dragon;" it is a small equestrian statue, sculptured from a block of iron by G. Leygebe of Nuremberg, weighs sixty-seven pounds, and required five years in the execution. The second cabinet is devoted to works in ivory, of which there are nearly 500 specimens. Many of these were collected by Augustus I., who appears to have

gone about Europe employing ivory-turners and cutters in executing cups, chalices, boxes, figures, and other articles, in the highest style of art. One could linger for hours over some of the objects in this interesting cabinet—such as the “Saviour after his Resurrection surrounded by Holy Women,” probably a production of the tenth or eleventh century; “Mary and the Infant Jesus surrounded by Angels;” “A Crucifixion;” “The Judgment of Solomon;” “The Sacrifice of Abraham;” and “The Descent of Lucifer and the Demons, dragging with them the Souls of the Wicked.” This last group, which consists of eighty-five figures, is a work of an Italian artist, the idea being suggested by the “Last Judgment” of Michael Angelo; and, like all the others, it required years to finish. The third cabinet contains mosaics, enamels, and works in amber, mother-of-pearls, corals, &c. The fourth is a collection of gold and silver plate, in the form of superb dinner services, baptismal basins, chalices, &c.; one article is a rich and curious mirror of burnished silver, in the style of the middle ages, before the art of silvering glass was known. The fifth cabinet is entirely occupied with precious stones, not mere jewels, but articles such as vases, busts, statuettes, flagons, and other things formed of agate, jasper, chalcedony, onyx, lapis-lazuli, rock-crystal, &c. Three golden *bocaux*, (bottles or jugs with a narrow neck,) enriched with cameos, are considered very fine; one of them is embellished with 176 cameos, among which is the masque of Jupiter in chalcedony. The sixth cabinet contains rough pearls and diamonds; the seventh is devoted chiefly to sculpture on wood; and the eighth or last is a large collection of regalia, arms, chains, decorations, and bijouteries of all sorts used on state occasions.

The quantity of emeralds, rubies, diamond rings, solitaires, and other brilliants, flashing in all directions on the eye in the last-mentioned apartment, affords a striking idea of human vanity, as well as of the extravagance to which fancies unrestrained by the obligation of labor may be carried. And yet, on quitting the Green Vault, we feel that everything is not a useless toy, which may in any respect tend to improve the arts and refine the general tastes of mankind. During four centuries, the monarchs of Saxony have spent probably two millions of money in rendering the capital attractive in the matter of pictures and other objects on which the highest artistic talent has been exercised, or on which a high conventional value is put. In one sense this may be called a waste of money; but by making Dresden a resort of travellers from all parts of the world, not to speak of the cultivation of local aspirations, the sum might have been much worse spent; and after all, estimated at two millions, it is only equal to four years' expenditure on intoxicating liquors by one of the large cities of Britain. It was our lot to spend a Sunday in Dresden, and the day was kept with the usual quietude of a Protestant city. Nevertheless, even in this fountain, as it may be called, of the reformed doctrine and observances, the Picture Gallery was open dur-

ing part of the day to the public, and appeared to be visited by a humble order of persons of both sexes. Dresden is celebrated for the excellence of its opera, which may be attended for a comparatively small sum. The music is of a superior kind, and the musicians on Sundays transfer their services to the Catholic church, which is visited by crowds of tourists merely to listen to the performance.

From Dresden to Leipsic is a run of seventy-two miles by railway; and this, according to the easy plan of German travelling, we performed in three hours. The journey disclosed nothing remarkable in scenery, as the line traverses the level country bordering on the Elbe. As we advance, the great sandy plains of Central and Northern Europe begin to make their appearance, scanty in herbage, but eminently suitable for sheep pasturage. Everybody has heard of Saxony wool, but perhaps few are aware of the peculiar method of sheep-pasturing which leads to its excellence. English and Scotch wool is a produce of sheep chiefly pastured in large flocks on hills or open downs, where they feed, unsheltered from the weather, all the year round. Saxon sheep are not treated in this rough manner; they could not endure the excessive cold of a continental winter; and for the greater part they are housed nightly at all seasons. A Scotch shepherd, with his dog, walks behind his flocks in removing them from one place to another; a Saxon shepherd walks before his sheep; and these instinctively following, are kept together by the dog, which saunters observingly in the rear. This, however, is an almost universal practice in Germany, borrowed most likely from the East, and reminds us of the touching parable of the good shepherd:—“He call-eth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him.” I never realized from observation the truth of this affecting simile till I saw on the plains of Saxony the shepherd, in his picturesque costume, followed by a handful of docile creatures, which clung to him as to a friend and protector. In this manner much of the Saxon depasturage seems to be conducted on a small, and almost domestic scale; and by the shelter afforded to the sheep at night, the wool is rendered fine, and of high market value. Of the nature and quantity of the article we had an opportunity of judging at Leipsic, which, on our arrival, we found to be in all the bustle of one of those great wool-fairs that have given it celebrity.

By the first glance we had of the streets of Leipsic, we perceived that it greatly exceeded Dresden in the antique and striking character of its houses, as well as in the matter of business. No doubt the fair, to which had been brought a great number of wagons loaded with packs of wool, added materially to the commercial aspect of the place; but the appearances otherwise, and the earnest look of the people, conveyed an impression of substantiality and wealth. In the centre of the town, the houses



of the market-place, and the streets which diverge from it, are large and lofty buildings, provided with projecting windows, the stone work of which is finely carved; they have a grand and picturesque effect. The floors, level with the street, are in many cases vaulted; a precaution which may have had its use in times not far distant, when showers of shot fell within the town. In the market-place, beneath the shops on the street-floor, there are usually underground shops of an inferior kind, reached by a stone stair, and having a profusion of articles displayed round the doorway—precisely as was the fashion in the High street of Edinburgh not many years ago. At the doors of these subterranean places of business, the female keepers may be seen seated in the sun, engaged in the everlasting recreation of knitting, in which I should suppose the women of Leipsic and its neighborhood excel, for my companion assured me she had nowhere on the continent seen such beautiful crotchet-work for sale. Some of it which she purchased was almost equal to old lace.

Apropos of German women; it would be ungracious not to take an opportunity of speaking of their remarkable spirit of industry, amiability of manner, and domestic accomplishments. French women are as meritoriously industrious; but having no proper idea of domesticity, or of what true cleanliness consists, their houses are disorderly—their hotels, no matter how elegant, universally dirty. In quitting France, and going into Germany, the tourist finds a totally different order of domestic arrangements. Dirt in all its forms no longer tyrannizes over the senses; and, sleeping or waking, the weary traveller is at peace. It would seem that all nations sprung from a Celto-Roman root are filthy in habits, while those of a Teutonic original are the reverse. The Frenchwoman decks her head, and the general exterior of her person, with a taste and regard for popular approbation which I should very much like to see imitated by the humbler order of females in the large Scotch towns; but beyond this exemplary feature, the German and English women go very far. They possess an inborn love of cleanliness, and grudge neither trouble nor expense to secure stainless purity in their domestic establishments. In other respects the German women differ from their English sisters. They are, as I think, more natural and unaffected; not that they have more heart, but they allow their feelings to be less bound down by the conventionalities of etiquette. Talking on the subject of English usages to some educated German ladies who had been in London, we found them speak with surprise of the manner in which everything among us seems to be sacrificed to mere fashion. Invited to an evening party, where they expected to be treated with a degree of affection, how much were their unsophisticated German feelings wounded when, on arrival, they were conducted by a footman into a small back room, and there offered a cup of tea, alone and standing! They did not come for food—not they; they came, as they thought, to interchange friendly sentiments under

the pleasing excitement of a social meeting. All they got, however, in the first place, was a cup of cold strong tea in a species of pantry; and then, by way of finish, they were treated to an exhibition of ladies and gentlemen sitting freezingly on sofas, while one lady banged away on a piano at a piece of Mozart, of the nature of which she seemed to be unconscious. I could only intimate my fear that they had not, in their simplicity, been able to appreciate the high artificialities and enjoyments of *snobbery*—a condition of life in which certain people make themselves very happy, by never being what they really are, but by trying to be what they are not. "Ah," said my German friends, "we hope this thing you call snobbery will never come into our own dear country!"

To return from this digression; Leipsic is noted as the great entrepôt of the German book trade, and in the market-place is seen a handsome edifice, used as an exchange exclusively by the booksellers, who frequent the great fairs, for the sale of literature and the mutual settlement of accounts for books. A university, attended by large numbers of students, adds to the literary character of the place. In late years, the exterior of the town has been greatly improved by the removal of the ramparts, and the creation in their stead, as at Frankfort, of beautiful drives and walks, environed by trees, shrubs, and gardens; and further ornamented with new buildings, public and private, in an elegant style of architecture. Going westward out of the main street into the environs, we come immediately to what was at one time a citadel or strong tower of defence at an angle of the walls, but which is now occupied as a barrack for soldiers and as an observatory. Conducted by a long stair to the summit of this point of outlook, we had beneath and before us the wide-spread plain on which the gigantic power of Napoleon was irretrievably broken (October 17, 18, and 19, 1813.) The whole field of battle, of which the town was a central and suffering point, stretches into the remote distance, with little interruption from enclosures, one of the principal landmarks being a small clump of trees, near which Bonaparte took his stand in the heat of the last engagement. On descending from the tower, we proceeded to visit the banks of the small river Elster, which proved so disastrous to the French retreat. It is scarcely wider or more lively than a mill stream; and we cannot comprehend how such a paltry run of water should, by the premature blowing up of its bridge, have arrested the flying army, and drowned so many fugitives. The death most lamented on this terrible occasion was that of Poniatowski—a Polish nobleman in the French service. In attempting to leap his horse across the miserable stream, he cleared the water, but fell back in climbing the opposite bank, and sank to rise no more. Within a public garden, on the margin of the river, a small monumental stone has been erected at the spot where Poniatowski made the fatal leap; and at a short distance within the same grounds, a handsome mausoleum, in the form of a small chamber or chapel, has been erected

over his remains, and bears suitable inscriptions in Polish and Latin. The battle of Leipsic is about as old an event as I can remember; and certainly at the time I did not anticipate that it would ever be my fortune to see these interesting memorials of the great and successful effort which expelled Napoleon from Germany.

From the Economist.

#### STATISTICAL HISTORY OF THE "PENNY POST."

By a parliamentary return which has this week been presented to the House of Commons, we have exhibited at one view a most interesting and instructive history of the results of that great experiment in the social and commercial economy of the country, as contained in our postal regulations. The "*penny postage*" is marked as one of the great reforms of the age; not alone, or indeed mainly, because it cheapened the cost of sending a letter from the Scotch to the English metropolis from *thirteen pence halfpenny* to *one penny*; nor because it enabled two individuals, the one living in Orkney, the other at Penzance, to communicate with each other at no greater cost than two others living in different parts of London; but because it did involve a great principle of increased facilities of communication, and as such, was equally valuable in a social as in a commercial point of view. How far national habits and character or commercial interests are acted upon by the influence of causes of this kind, is best understood by the extent to which the public avail themselves of such facilities. All other evidences of the success of such experiments on the national interests are in some degree matters of opinion. It may be a question, in what proportion any one cause out of the many—which are always in operation in an advancing community, having the direct tendency to improve its character, habits, and interests—has produced consequences generally admitted, when we reason generally from the obvious changes which have been produced. But when we have distinct and unquestionable statistical facts before us, exhibiting in clear, intelligible, and indisputable language, the result of a great experiment on the habits of society, by the best of all tests—the voluntary use of facilities put within the reach of the public—there is no longer room to doubt the extent and the importance of such reforms, as elements in the great onward course of a nation.

The success of the postal reform—in its way by far the boldest experiment of our time—is fortunately of that nature as to be capable of clear demonstration. A comparison of statistical facts is conclusive on the subject; and the social and commercial advantages which have been derived by the country can be easily understood to be in proportion to the arithmetical increase of communication. There is indeed much room for the most pleasing speculations as to the numerous and indirect consequences of facts brought to light by the array of figures before us, in their influence

both upon the private happiness and public prosperity of the country.

The first table in the return shows the number of chargeable letters which passed through the London General Post Office since the first general reduction of postage on the 5th day of December, 1839, dividing the time into periods of four weeks, and distinguishing between *unpaid*, *paid*, and stamped letters. For the sake of brevity, we will give the numbers as returned for the first four weeks of each year, which are as follows:—

#### LETTERS PASSING THROUGH THE LONDON GENERAL POST OFFICE.

Four weeks ending	Unpaid.	Paid.	Stamped.	Total.
Jan. 4, 1840	1,596,434	505,847	...	2,102,281
Jan. 2, 1841	333,433	1,974,684	2,047,120	4,355,237
Jan. 1, 1842	411,335	2,188,697	2,607,265	5,207,297
Jan. 28, 1843	312,839	2,431,231	2,972,828	5,716,898
Jan. 27, 1844	433,270	2,524,270	3,079,418	6,037,526
Jan. 25, 1845	501,519	2,613,848	3,681,926	6,800,293
Jan. 24, 1846	551,461	2,899,306	4,435,966	7,886,733
Jan. 23, 1847	448,838	3,067,257	4,905,674	8,411,769
Jan. 22, 1848	453,286	3,092,570	4,990,576	8,536,432

So that the number in the present year is more than quadrupled as compared with 1840, when, however, it must be remarked, the postage was only reduced to *fourpence*, and nearly doubled as compared with 1841, when the *penny* rate had been in operation for many months. The table before us also furnishes the estimated average for four weeks in 1839—prior to any reduction, and under the old system—which, with the present year, presents the following comparison:—

#### LETTERS PASSED THROUGH THE LONDON GENERAL POST OFFICE.

In four weeks.	Unpaid.	Paid.	Stamped.	Total.
1839	1,358,651	263,496	.....	1,622,147
1848	453,286	3,092,570	4,990,576	8,536,432

The next table in the return shows the number of letters which have passed in each of the same years through the London District Post Offices, from which we collect the following result:—

#### LETTERS PASSED THROUGH THE LONDON DISTRICT POST OFFICES.

Four weeks, in 1839, prior to the reduction from 2d to 1d . . . 1,021,363

After the reduction to 1d.

Four weeks ending	
Jan. 4, 1840	1,302,555
Jan. 2, 1841	1,569,546
Jan. 1, 1842	1,765,736
Jan. 28, 1843	1,971,008
Jan. 27, 1844	2,139,802
Jan. 25, 1845	2,383,697
Jan. 24, 1846	2,748,485
Jan. 23, 1847	2,872,641
Jan. 22, 1848	2,766,951

The next account in the return is the most interesting, inasmuch as it shows the effect of the change upon the whole of the United Kingdom in a table which exhibits the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom in one week of each calendar month, beginning with November, 1839—a month before the change was made—and continued down to the present time, from which we collect the following comparison:—

## LETTERS DELIVERED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Week ending	England & Wales.	Ireland.	Scotland.	Total.
Nov. 24, 1839	1,252,977	179,931	153,065	1,585,973
Feb. 23, 1840	2,495,776	349,928	353,933	3,199,637
Jan. 24, 1841	2,917,226	386,555	380,242	3,684,023
Jan. 23, 1842	3,214,165	421,273	423,245	4,058,633
Jan. 22, 1843	3,342,910	462,148	445,132	4,250,190
Jan. 21, 1844	3,579,741	487,953	454,058	4,521,752
Jan. 21, 1845	3,995,041	532,146	513,955	5,041,142
Jan. 21, 1846	4,619,699	625,687	587,023	5,832,409
Jan. 21, 1847	4,836,979	674,377	615,593	6,126,954
Jan. 21, 1848	5,064,532	672,829	645,580	6,382,941

Showing that while the increase in England has been 400 per cent., that in Ireland has been 374 per cent., in Scotland 421 per cent., and the average of the United Kingdom 400 per cent.

The return then proceeds to state the financial results of the experiment. On this subject it is necessary to point out a common error into which the public have fallen—or rather we should say those who were opposed to the system—in reference to the anticipations of its original promoters. Their calculations showed a certain expectation, that at the *penny rate* the gross revenue collected from postage would, in about ten years, equal that collected under the old rates. They, however, at the same time admitted, that, inasmuch as the enormous increase of business, to which the additional number of letters would give rise, as well as the great additional advantages of more frequent deliveries, must necessarily add to the expenses, that the *net revenue* would not increase so rapidly as the *gross revenue*. In those anticipations the returns before us show that they were perfectly correct. The gross receipts in 1839, the last year under the old system, was 2,390,763*l.*, the cost of management 756,999*l.*, and the net revenue 1,633,764*l.* In 1848, the gross receipts have already risen to 2,181,016*l.*; but the cost of management having increased to 1,196,520*l.*, the net revenue is only 984,496*l.* It will however be observed, that it has already nearly doubled since 1840, the first year of the reduction, and that 1847 shows an increase of 159,384*l.* over 1846.

The following table shows the exact progress during the period in question:—

Year	Gross Revenue.	Cost of Management.	Net Revenue.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1839	2,390,763 10 14	756,999 7 4	1,633,764 2 91
1840	1,359,466 9 2	853,877 0 54	500,789 8 84
1841	1,499,418 10 114	938,163 19 74	561,249 11 41
1842	1,578,145 16 74	977,504 10 3	600,641 6 44
1843	1,620,867 11 10	980,650 7 54	640,217 4 44
1844	1,705,067 16 4	985,110 13 104	719,957 2 54
1845	1,847,576 13 114	1,125,594 5 0	761,982 8 114
1846	1,963,857 9 94	1,134,745 2 44	825,112 7 5
1847	2,181,016 16 04	1,196,520 1 64	984,496 14 6

But perhaps the most extraordinary accounts contained in these returns are those which relate to the rapid progress of the use of the post office as a medium of remitting money from one part of the kingdom to another. Prior to the 20th November, 1839, the charge for remitting sums not exceeding 2*l.* was *sixpence*, and for sums above 2*l.* but not exceeding 5*l.* it was 1*s.* 6*d.*; at that time those charges were respectively reduced to three-

pence, and *sixpence*. An account before us shows the number and amount of "money orders" issued and paid in each quarter, from April, 1839, to January, 1848, from which we extract the following, confined to *England and Wales*:—

## MONEY ORDERS ISSUED AND PAID IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

For the quarters ending	Number.	Amount.
		£ s. d.
April 5, 1839 . . .	54,623 . . .	92,734 0 5
— 1840 . . .	147,020 . . .	237,790 12 5
— 1841 . . .	550,071 . . .	1,129,093 6 9
— 1842 . . .	835,434 . . .	1,778,503 12 8
— 1843 . . .	1,021,928 . . .	2,155,707 0 5
— 1844 . . .	1,146,192 . . .	2,425,420 11 11
— 1845 . . .	1,306,705 . . .	2,742,453 6 9
— 1846 . . .	1,425,488 . . .	2,976,409 3 10
— 1847 . . .	1,585,762 . . .	3,252,702 11 2
Jan. 5, 1848 . . .	1,741,303 . . .	3,547,528 16 9

We thus see that the total amount issued and paid in sums not exceeding 5*l.* for "money orders" in England and Wales, has increased for a single quarter in nine years, from 92,734*l.* to 3,547,528*l.* In London alone this increase has been in the same period from 17,401*l.* to 797,042*l.*

It is impossible that the most sanguine can have anticipated more remarkable results from this great experiment; and we do not wonder that other countries are thereby encouraged to follow our example. The United States government has already presented to congress a bill for effecting quite as great a reduction in their present rates of postage as we did in 1839, considering the distances to which their regulations refer.

FICHTE'S LECTURE.—Fichte was short and robust in figure, but had a searching, commanding look; he made use of most keenly sharp expressions, while he tried by every imaginable means to make his meaning understood, being fully aware of the slender powers of too many of his hearers. He seemed to claim imperiously a strict obedience of thought, forbidding the suspicion of a doubt. "Gentlemen," he began, "compose yourselves; turn your thoughts inwards; we have nothing to do now with anything external, but simply with ourselves." The audience so commanded, seemed each to do his best to retreat within himself: some changed their position, and sat bolt upright, some curled themselves up and shut their eyes; all waited breathlessly for the next word. "Gentlemen, let your thought be—the wall." I perceived that the listeners did all they could to possess their minds fully with the wall, and they seemed to succeed. "Now have you thought—the wall? Now, gentlemen, let your thought be—that which thought the wall." It was curious to watch the evident perplexity and distress. Many seemed to search about in vain, without the power of forming any idea of "what had thought the wall;" and I quite understood how many young minds which could so stumble on the threshold of speculative philosophy might be in danger of falling into a most unhealthy state by striving further. Fichte's lecture, however, was most admirable, distinct, and lucid, and I never heard any exposition at all to be compared with it. Fichte made few philosophers, but many powerful reasoners.—*Steffens' Adventures.*



## CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 6 September, 1848.

*La Revue des Deux Mondes*, issued the 1st inst., contains the second part—some thirty-two pages—of Chateaubriand and his *Posthumous Memoirs*. As simple variety, your readers may relish a literary dish; I will therefore proceed to report the substance of this article. The part of the *Memoirs* which treats of the consulate, the empire, and the first years of the restoration, is altogether inedited. It was at Dieppe, in 1836, that the illustrious author wrote the most brilliant pages of his life, from 1800 to 1828; at Dieppe, where, as a sub-lieutenant, he had drilled recruits on the seashore, and where, much later, he mused in exile, by order of Napoleon. The account of his first residence in London, exhibits most of the principal French characters in that capital during the period—such as Peltier, Cléry, Abbé Delille, and particularly his early friend and patron, M. de Fontanes, then the head of French literature. To the candid criticisms, sound lessons, and warm encouragements of this accomplished master, he professes indelible gratitude. In 1798, de Fontanes wrote to him—"Work—work; earn fame; you can do so; futurity is in your power." After reading this exhortation, he plied his task—*The Genius of Christianity*. "My mind effervesced—my heart palpitated, and I felt the presentiment of success."

In 1800, he resolved to return to France, although the laws of proscription were not yet repealed. He procured a passport, in the quality of a Swiss, and assumed the name of Lassagne. For eight years, he had seen only the British people. He describes, with most picturesque traits, the contrasts which struck him between the exterior habits, dwellings, villages, fields, of his countrymen, and those of the English—all to the advantage of the latter. Revolutionary ruins presented themselves on every side—with the inscription half effaced—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death. This alternative is not now added; but the Red Republic gives it to be understood. Chateaubriand sought de Fontanes, who welcomed his disciple, and established him in a small *entre-sol* in the rue de Lille. He found Paris gay; dancing everywhere; though there remained much to remind him of the horrors of the revolution. A bookseller was discovered for him, who consented to print his *Genius of Christianity*, and advance a little money to enable him to subsist.

The police gave Monsieur Lassagne, the Swiss, a permit of residence, renewable from month to month. The only recreation which he allowed himself for some time, was sauntering through the streets an hour or two, and passing a part of his evenings in the drawing-rooms to which he was introduced by de Fontanes. His *Memoirs*, at this epoch, abound in curious and happy sketches of distinguished persons, and the state of society, just recovering and cleaning itself from the

foulness and coarseness of the revolutionary era, and beginning to speak and act with some freedom and old refinement. Chateaubriand's first publication in France was a critique—that proved successful—on a work of Madame de Stael. Emboldened, he thought it well to try, separately, an episode from the *Genius of Christianity*—which happened to be *Atala*. He relates his extreme suffering from anxiety, when he launched this production on the consular world of soldiers, beaux-esprits, and free-thinkers. He first carried the manuscript to his friend de Fontanes, who scratched out here and there, and finally compelled him to write over what is now the famous discourse of Père Aubry. He found so much difficulty in the second attempt, that he was near throwing the whole manuscript into the fire. His friend was delighted—and cried, "That's the thing. I told you you would do better." The noise which he made in the world, dates, he tells us, from the appearance of *Atala*; a literary hit was new and prodigious after so many military triumphs. He enjoyed the first rays of glory "as the lover of nature does the first beams of Aurora." "I became the fashion—my head was turned. I was intoxicated with *amour-propre* never before gratified."

All the high circles clutched the new genius. "What need we care for death, when our name is to cause a tender or a generous heart to beat two thousand years after we descend to the tomb?" Lucien Bonaparte, and the sister of Napoleon, Bacciochi, would call him by his own name, and forget Lassagne, the Swiss. National vanity contributed to withdraw him from the lists of proscription. He soon contracted intimacies with all the great personages in the aristocratic coteries. He began to compose over again his *Genius of Christianity*; but he experienced sorrows of the heart in the character and fate of a beloved sister—a woman of talents, but of the wildest theories and fancies, bewildered, or rather crazed, with her melancholy visions and skeptical habits; she retired to a cloister, which she quitted for some secluded spot in which she died, with no other companion than an old domestic. Chateaubriand could never discover her remains. It was a friend of this unfortunate being whom he married in 1802, and buried a few years ago. His *Genius of Christianity* then came forth, and was quickly the theme of all pens and tongues. He dwells, in his *Memoirs*, on its reception, merits, and defects. He wished that he had seen Italy and Greece before he wrote it. He meditated a new *Genius of Christianity*, of a more philosophical and democratic cast; he would speak of liberty as descending from Mount Calvary; but "would Bonaparte have then allowed this view?" However, the work, he thought, was most happily timed. It produced the stronger sensation, as religion was a topic and a thought to be revived from utter neglect and even disdain. A new direction was communicated to the public mind and spirit; literary taste changed; foreign literature and the

monuments of the middle ages began to be studied and compared.

Among the portraitures in the *Memoirs*, is the following of Laharpe, the critic and dramatic poet, whose *Cours de Littérature* had universal vogue half a century ago, and may be still read with profit:—"He came to us with the three huge volumes of his works under his diminutive arms, wondering that his glory did not triumph over the most obdurate hearts. His tone was lofty; his countenance bright; he thundered against all abuses; he ordered an omelet at the table of a minister when he did not relish the dinner; he ate with his fingers, his ruffles dipping into the plate; he blurted his philosophical heresies to men of the highest rank, who seemed to be exceedingly fond of his impertinences: but, on the whole, La Harpe's mind was upright and enlightened; he could be impartial, however prejudiced and passionate on some points; he felt talents in others, admired them; wept over fine verses or fine deeds; he repented when he grew sensible of injustice. His end did not dishonor him. I saw him die a courageous Christian; religion had elevated his spirit; he retained no stern pride except against impiety—no hatred except to revolutionary slang." Chateaubriand relates that the mystic Saint Martin, when offended, exclaimed—"After all, of whom do I stand in need, save God." This philosopher described Chateaubriand as the only polite man of letters he ever encountered.

Napoleon now fixed his attention on the author of the *Genius of Christianity*; at a party of Lucien, he passed suddenly through the crowd, direct to the man with the large forehead, who was standing firmly and looking at him fixedly; he addressed him in a very loud voice as M. de Chateaubriand. This was their first and their last interview. The first consul talked away; the author listened, but did not open his mouth. The next day he was informed that he had charmed Napoleon by his *conversation*, and must proceed to Rome as secretary of the embassy of Cardinal Fesch. He obeyed, and his descriptions of his journey, and the condition of Italy, obtain the loftiest praise. At Rome, he was presented at once to Pius VII.—a pale and sad valetudinarian—the pontiff of tribulations, who received him with a volume of the *Genius of Christianity* open on the table. No other business was assigned to him as a member of the French legation than delivering passports. His very bad *penmanship* marred his intellectual pretensions; he fell in love, however, with Rome; his pencil does justice to the Eternal City. He displeased Cardinal Fesch by paying a visit to the obnoxious King of Sardinia. Napoleon would not consent to part with him; he was ordered to the Alps, to the Valais; he returned to Paris to prepare for this acceptable mission, in March, 1804. On the 20th, he heard the sentence of death on the Duke d'Enghien cried in the streets. He instantly repaired to a table and wrote, and sent in his resignation; he alone protested; no one else dared to cast public blame. For several days after, his

friends called at his residence to learn whether he had been shot or imprisoned. He allots a considerable chapter to the examination and utter reprobation of the judicial murder. This act and the invasion of Spain he represents as the first causes of Napoleon's downfall. Crimes induce evil, infatuation, discomfiture. By the cutting of Samson's hair we are to understand the loss of his virtue. Bonaparte, however, did not molest the recusant at this juncture. Chateaubriand returned to his simple literary condition and labors. The consul used to remark that he had on his side, or at his command, all the petty or secondary literature; against him all the superior. We might say nearly the same of the republic of our day, if Lamartine were not its champion, and Victor Hugo courting democratic popularity. The editors who share power and salary along with the generals from Algeria, and a certain number of lawyers, have never ranked with the first of their profession. Chateaubriand's ten years of private life, during the imperial era, were fruitful in new personal connections, brilliant literary performances, persecutions, observations in travel, and various other material for his *Memoirs*, all of which he has perfectly detailed. In this place he traces a biography of Napoleon, elaborately and at length, deemed by his friends one of the most imposing monuments of his authorship. He calls it an abstract and summary. He had access to the private papers of Cardinal Fesch, and discovered among them much curious information of the ideas, tastes, and aptitudes of the future Cæsar in the early stages of his career. Chateaubriand depicts the man in all his several capacities, aims, and triumphs, during the campaigns of Italy and Egypt. He expatiates on the historical and biographical associations which that land would naturally suggest to a poetic and romantic antiquarian. He quotes some of Napoleon's tender billets in Egypt: "To General Dugua—Citizen-General, cut off the head of Abdalla-Aga, former Governor of Jaffa. From what I have been told by the Syrians, he is a monster of which the earth should be rid." To another—"You must shoot Hassan, and six other Mamelouks herein named." To the Sultan of Darfour—"You must send me two thousand male slaves, not more than eleven years old."

The imperial rule, says the biographer, was an immense dream, which passed away like the troubled and hideous night of the revolution, its parent. He commemorates, in his grand style, the battles of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Waterloo, and their sequels; the marriage with the Austrian archduchess, the birth of the King of Rome, the end of the whole drama of ambition. What could compensate for the tyranny, the carnage, the sufferings of nations, the subversions of states, without any proportionate beneficial results? How many ridiculous and useless murders of war? If military life teaches some virtues, it destroys others. The humane soldier could scarcely accomplish his task. Chateaubriand's delineation or recapitulation of Napoleon, after his demise at St. Helena, is

pronounced a master-piece in every respect. By his famous pamphlet of 1814—*Bonaparte and the Bourbons*—he obtained his revenge for all that the conqueror had made him endure. No few pages had ever wrought effects so important and manifest.

From 1814 to 1830, the author played a signal and diversified part in the political sphere; he put himself at the head of the conservatives of the past; he wished to convert them to moderate liberalism, and he failed, for himself and the Bourbon monarchy. His pamphlet, *The Monarchy according to the Charter*, (1816,) inculcated the true principles of all constitutional or representative royalty,—those by which alone that system could be saved: he contended for the liberty of the press, duly regulated, and the paramount claims of public opinion on ministerial judgment and action. The royalists of the opposition adopted his creed with noisy fervor; when they conquered office they abandoned it in practice. He struggled in every way; wrote and spoke at the pitch of his great abilities and opportunities. His *Congress of Verona* is an interesting and able piece of history, more creditable to his faculties as an observer and writer, than to his ethics as a statesman. It forms a section of the *Memoirs*. Of these, the last pages are replete with sad auguries. The signs of social decomposition, the symptoms of a grave and universal distemperature of Europe, are mournfully indicated. "Men different from the present are not hidden behind them; if, to-morrow, everything were changed, with the proclamation of other principles, we should behold only what we have witnessed: visionary sects, furious innovators; equally impotent and barren schemes. The future may be powerful, free, in all the plenitude of evangelical equality; but that future is still remote—far, indeed, beyond the visible horizon. Before the end is reached—before the unity of the nations can be accomplished—I mean natural democracy; we must pass through social decomposition—a period of anarchy, of blood perhaps, certainly of weakness."

This anticipation was written years ago; it is realized with wonderful celerity and diffusion. The author of the article from which the foregoing cursory notice is drawn, exhibits the death-bed of Chateaubriand, surrounded by his intimate friends—Madame Recamier of the number—and with them an eloquent divine, and the superior of the monastery which he and Madame de Chateaubriand had founded. The circumstances of the funeral at St. Malo are likewise related. You have them in one of my preceding epistles. Chateaubriand was of the middle size; well-proportioned, agile, and graceful in all his movements; his features were regular; his handsome countenance expressed his kind, versatile and romantic spirit; his lofty and bright forehead always attracted notice; he dressed himself with studied neatness: a man like him, knowing how far he had become an object of universal curiosity and homage, could not remain natural, altogether, in his manners—he modified and adapted them according to the characters of his visitors and the

persons by whom they were introduced. He was always in embarrassed circumstances; more so with a small than a large income. Improvidence has generally characterized such natures and occupations. Old Beranger, however, is thrifty, and keeps in snug harbor.

Paris, Sept. 7, 1848.

DURING the week past, our weather has been glorious for the grape. It is anticipated that the vintage will be excellent. This capital has not experienced any new popular tumults. "Anarchy," says the *Journal des Débats*, "has killed liberty; the situation cannot be mistaken." But the citizens are content, provided anarchy be kept down. Sunday last, the 3d, was signalized by a splendid review of regular troops and national guards—about eighty thousand men in all, equipped as for an immediate expedition. President or Dictator Cavaignac was mounted on a white Arabian charger, richly caparisoned. Lamoricière, and Changarnier, the other great chiefs from Algeria, caracoled behind him, in gorgeous uniforms. His staff was quite as numerous and brilliant as any that ever accompanied Louis Philippe to the opening of the chambers. Our newspapers report enthusiastic shouts of *Vive Cavaignac*, *Vive L'Assemblée Nationale*, *Vive la République*—over the Champ de Mars, from the entire military array and the three hundred thousand spectators. Exaggeration may be permitted in this case: I will whisper to you that there was no evidence of enthusiasm, and but little acclamation. In truth, neither the civic public nor the army know what precisely they should hail; nor why they should cry one man, rule, or government, more than another. The *National* is in ecstasy about the parade:—"All hearts were content; all minds elate with hope; and with a noble pride in beholding these brave defenders of the republic, whose bearing was so gallant, appointment so complete, step so bold, attitude so martial and resolute. Every spectator said to himself—Let all Europe attack us if she pleases; we shall not fear her while we have such soldiers as our champions."—Rhodomontade. The eighty thousand warriors are indispensable for domestic safety in Paris. No part of Europe is in the least inclined to attack the French. General Cavaignac has excited umbrage, in some respectable and important quarters, by his recent measures and speeches. The suspension of the legitimist *Gazette de France* for merely reasoning in support of the idea of a hereditary chief for the republic, was excessively severe, at the same time that he spared *La Réforme*, attacking the National Assembly every day and excusing the Red Republic. The general seems rather too desirous of repelling suspicion of any possible alliance with the legitimists, even under their present scheme, which embraces universal suffrage and a senate and house of representatives, and every guarantee for democratic liberties. The *Gazette de France* claimed only the privilege of attempting to prove, before the constitution should



be enacted, that, in the circumstances of France, the hereditary principle would answer better than the elective, for the executive branch, or, perhaps, alone answer—this discussion being subject, moreover, to the new laws of restriction on the press.

In his addresses to the Assembly, Cavaignac conveys his resolution to brook no monarchists, no monarchical doctrines. He said in the tribune a few days ago, "I will wage a war of extermination against all who would overthrow the republic. I will sacrifice even *my honor* if the republic can ever exact such a sacrifice." He cited the two extreme parties, the anarchists and the legitimists, as those whom he would not spare, whether as to press or person. The Assembly decided, by a large majority, not to interfere with the exercise of his will—upon the maxim, *Salus populi-suprema lex*. But a committee have almost unanimously reported a new bill in relation to the press, which may dispense with sudden and arbitrary suppression of journals. The editor is to be brought before a jury and if he be pronounced guilty of a violation of the existing recent laws, then the executive to suspend the paper for not less than eight days, or more than three months. If such a bill should pass, Cavaignac will repeat what he proclaimed last week—"We shall use martial law against all who attack the republican principle; he that rejects or assails the republic is our personal enemy—our unpardonable enemy." At the same time he informed the Assembly that he could not fix a period for the expiration of martial law; and the body acquiesced. Strenuous efforts were made to induce them to decree a suspension of this law while the constitution was under discussion; the objection prevailed that it was necessary to protect the freedom of debate, which was threatened only from without—in the streets and presses—and the law of war, therefore, more important for the Assembly than before.

Another subject awakened lively interest and fervid oratory:—whether the present Assembly should resolve to frame organic laws after voting a constitution. The affirmative is decreed. In the debate, references, more or less mysterious, were thrown out by speakers of authority, to what *might happen* rendering the resolve nugatory. Some mighty vicissitude seems to be constantly apprehended. The Débats coolly remarks: "The present decrees of the Assembly are subject to two powers which more or less govern the world—casualty and the force of circumstances. The Assembly is right in leaving the period of its dissolution uncertain; a power of which the disappearance is fixed is already defunct." The National avows that the object of keeping the Assembly for an indefinite term is to defeat the hopes of the old conservatives—the dynastic party, and the legitimists—who might prevail in new general elections; and another assembly from universal suffrage might frame organic laws destructive of the democratic republican constitution. A republican of the old school, of fourscore, said to me on Tuesday, "Without a military dictatorship, no

constitution on paper can last a quarter of a year," tearing, at the same moment, a leaf, to show how the constitution would be treated.

The Assembly have been obliged to change the plan of debating the constitution on the same day with legislative or administrative business: four days in the week are exclusively assigned to it. The editor of the *Courrier Français*, a member, informs us, this morning, that more than five hundred amendments are already submitted. The discussion may be protracted until November. The proceedings abound with curious disquisition and amusing incident. Yesterday afternoon, Crémieux and Lamartine delivered "grand speeches"—particularly the poet—in defence and praise of the revolution of February, and of a republican system based on liberty, property, family, and so forth. Lamartine expatiated on property as an instinct, and the most salutary of impulses for the dignity and welfare of human society. You may judge of him as a practical statesman, by the following passage of yesterday's harangue:—"If we confine ourselves within the limits of material interests, what will history say? That we abandoned the soul, the moral import, the *spiritualist* tendency, of the revolution, to pursue miserable questions of eating and drinking, of capital and income. If you restrict yourselves thus—you must expunge from your constitution the three sublime words, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and substitute for them these two foul (*immondes*) phrases—"buy and sell." Even his old colleague, Flocon, suggests this comment, in the *Réforme*: "It must be admitted, however, that if we could buy and sell now-a-days, we should have gained our very greatest battle."

Lamartine's pamphlet, *Three Months of Power*, is on sale, and, in part, a speculation. As it contains some authentic history, I send you an abstract in English. He indulges, here, that propensity to varnish criminal natures—to whitewash the guiltiest agents in public affairs, which swayed his pen in his History of the Girondists, and rendered his work incalculably mischievous. Neither pamphlets nor speeches can now reinstate him in national confidence. According to the account of his personal situation in the *Three Months*, &c., he was not unused to *selling*, and that for the vulgar, gross purpose of *eating and drinking*. He says, "I am an author by profession, burdened with liabilities; I live chiefly by my literary labor." In 1844, he pledged, for *forty thousand francs*, to the director of the Théâtre Français, a tragedy on the emancipation of black slaves, a cause, he observes, which had been always sacred for him:—"I wished to excite public sentiment in its favor, since the government did not stir efficiently." The publisher of the *History of the Girondists* paid him three hundred thousand francs for the manuscript. He has generally dealt in millions.

In the Journal des Débats, of this morning, we have four columns editorial, on the presidential canvass in the United States. There is a special notice of the career, qualities, and tenets of each

candidate, and of the conventions, including those of Utica and Buffalo. The writer (Monsieur Chevalier) thinks that the nomination of Mr. Van Buren ruins General Cass and endangers General Taylor; and that the abandonment of Mr. Clay by the whigs exemplifies the inveterate penchant of democracy for men of the sword. He quotes the manifesto of the Utica convention in regard to the extension of negro slavery. On the whole, though he expects a hard struggle and new organization of parties on the slavery question, he does not entertain apprehensions for the union: American old, sound sense, he adds, will get round or weather all controversies and difficulties. Amen! He remarks—what you should not forget—"All eyes in Europe are more than ever fixed on the United States." He hopes that the cause of free trade will not be coupled with that of free territory.

Queen Victoria's speech is deemed cold and vague, in the National Assembly and on the Exchange. It is inferred that if France descend into Italy—England will leave her in the lurch. Fears and rumors and even appearances of war multiply; yet the common impression is peaceable adjustment of both the Danish and Italian cases. Girardin and de Genoude, the two editors aggrieved by Cavaignac, Prince Louis Napoleon and Messrs. Fould and Delessert, ex-bankers, are announced as candidates for the National Assembly in the elections of the 17th inst., for the department of the Seine. Their chances are good. The prince pledges himself, in a letter of 29th ult., dated London, to serve if elected. A new perplexity for the republic.

## EFFECTS OF IRISH AGITATION.

By the late advices from England it appears that the recent demonstrations of an Irish war spirit in New York have had a disastrous effect upon the fortunes of the individuals engaged in the late rebellion in Ireland. It is understood that the prisoners about to be put on trial will be treated with more severity on account of the threatening attitude taken by the Irish sympathizers on this side of the Atlantic. We find the following remarks on the subject in the London Morning Chronicle:—*Boston Courier*, 26th Sept.

Has it ever occurred to Mr. John O'Connell and "my dear Ray" to try an American tour? We think it would pay. Now that business is slack in Dublin, and the Burgh-quay shop closed for want of customers, they would surely do well to have something to be going on with; and, from all that we see in the New-York journals, of the temper of the Transatlantic Celts, we are convinced they might make a really good thing of it. We assure these gentlemen, the opening is worth being looked after. The patriots over the water seem in the finest mood for voluntary contributions. The meetings of the "devoted sons of Erin" are described as "tremendous;" the cheers are "vociferous and deafening;" the excitement is "terrific," and the gullibility unbounded. According to the most prosaic of the accounts we have seen, the money is

coming in "by handfuls," and a poetical-minded editor, writing on the 22d ult., under the immediate inspiration of a triad of monster meetings held simultaneously on the previous evening, can only compare the influx of cash to "a shower of hail." Seven thousand dollars, we are informed, were raised in the course of that one night for no earthly purpose except that of "promoting the cause of Ireland." Really, this is too good a thing to miss. Why should the Emmetts, the Sheas, the O Connors, the Ryans, and the M'Graths of the New York St. Giles', have a monopoly of so splendid a connection, especially in the present depressed state of the repeal trade at home?

The excitement will last quite long enough to repay a timely expedition. The mere fact of the rebellion having ended before it began, and of there being, consequently, at this moment, no "cause of Ireland" to be "promoted," will not create the smallest difficulty; for luckily, this fact has been distinctly stated in all the English journals, and the New York Milesians make a point of resolutely disbelieving everything that comes to them from that tainted source. Up to the date of the last accounts, they were all as full as they could hold of the *mythus* of "the battle of Slievenamon," (the "Lexington or Bunker Hill of the Irish revolution,") at which "*six thousand Saxons had bitten the dust.*" Of course, a "mercenary and corrupt British press" had weighty reasons for "distorting the real facts of the case," and placing the story of the Ballinagarry affray "in the best possible light for the British government." With judicious management, it will be six months, at the very least, before the "battle of Slievenamon" loses its potency as a spell to conjure dollars out of Celtic pockets. Mr. John O'Connell and "my dear Ray" may go over, if they will, as ministers plenipotentiary of the Green Republic; and if they only put a good face on it, and abuse the "mercenary and corrupt British press," we will guarantee them enough of "implicit reliance" to pay their expenses both ways, and clear off the outstanding debt due from Conciliation Hall.

We have not felt disposed to make the effort which would be requisite in order to treat these maniacal proceedings seriously. We have, on a former and recent occasion, said all we considered necessary for enabling the British public to appreciate the true moral and political significance of demonstrations, which, though nominally "American," are, in reality, exclusively got up by a little Celtic colony, who live quite in a world of their own, and whose fooleries are only tolerated by certain classes of native American politicians, for party and electioneering purposes. In one point of view, perhaps, these frantic exhibitions may not be unattended by permanently useful results. We will venture to say that the New York public have, at this moment, a clearer insight into the real merits of the Anglo-Irish question than they ever had before, and that, should the madness last for any considerable length of time, the whole subject of "British oppression and tyranny" in Ireland will have a fair chance of being made level to the meanest Transatlantic capacity. When Jonathan has had further acquaintance with the patriots who preach that "the time has arrived when *vengeance, red vengeance, is a virtue*"—who exhort their countrymen to *be as tigers* in their deportment towards "*the vile Saxon*"—who get up public subscriptions for "*bullets to pierce English hearts,*" and "*pikes to skewer English red-coats*"—who boast of "most

implicit reliance" in the silliest of fables, and flatly refuse to know a fact when they see it—it will probably set him thinking, that "ruthless Saxon oppression" may, after all, be no very bad sort of government for some sort of subjects, and that if he had an Ireland of his own, within sight of the New England coast, he might be apt to turn "ruthless oppressor" himself. With our opinion of Jonathan's great good sense and fine instinct for the practical, we think nothing more likely than that he will, by-and-by, see precisely how the case stands between Great Britain and Ireland, and comprehend that there may be circumstances in which agitation against "tyranny and oppression" only proves that the agitators have a vast deal more liberty than they know what to do with.

From the Times, of Sept. 8.

#### VANCOUVER'S ISLAND AND AMERICAN POLICY.

THE policy pursued by the government of the United States with regard to territorial aggrandizement is particularly deserving of attention. Prussia, in her vital struggles through the middle of the last century, was not more desperately bent upon consolidation and enlargement than is America at present; and a state which still retains in its original possessions sufficient unoccupied land to maintain double the amount of its population, is impressing into its service all the expedients of annexation, conquest, and purchase, with as much determination and energy as if it were actually gasping in those extremities of political existence which necessitated the seizure of Silesia and almost palliated the first partition of Poland. This policy may be, perhaps, to some extent, the manifestation of that high national purpose occasionally proclaimed by American statesmen—of reducing the uttermost parts of the continent under their rule upon the faith and sanction of scriptural donations; or it may be simply the natural development of ambition and activity in a thriving, uncontrolled, and unquiet people. But with either or both of these motives we have no doubt there is compounded, on the part of forecasting statesmen, a strong desire to multiply and extend as far as possible those outlets for discontent and restlessness, which are the very lungs of the American body politic, and to postpone to the remotest practicable period that moment when the rushing stream of expansive population must at length be checked, and with a sudden and terrible recoil. What emigration is, or ought to be, to Great Britain, migration is to the United States. Their colonies are in their western provinces. All opinions concur in stating that the facilities afforded by the wilderness of the far-west to the spirit of adventure or change have proved the salvation of the government, and have been the chief means of preserving intact for seventy years a constitution which, by the side of more recent incarnations of democracy, seems to wear not a few of the features of a steady and consolidated monarchy.

The efforts of the American government to perpetuate the existence and secure the free action of this political safety-valve have been commensurate,

in success not less than in spirit, with the necessities of the case. Taken with the previously vacant territories of the United States proper, we may say that the annexation of Texas, the acquisitions from Mexico, and the awards in Oregon, have placed at the disposal of the authorities at Washington a tract of land at least twice as spacious as the whole presently inhabited portion of their possessions. In fact, taking the whole breadth of the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, between the 50th and 30th parallels, as representing the present dominions of the United States of America, it would be substantially correct to say that the whole space west of the Missouri, or, in other words, two thirds of the entire territory, is yet untenanted, and lies in reserve for the caprices or necessities of generations to come. It is particularly instructive to observe with what summary and business-like promptitude every acre of this accumulated property is secured in the government stores, and stamped, as it were, with the national mark, for the undetermined purposes of the nation. Already that coast, to the capabilities of which we seem to pay such little heed, has been brought within call of Washington, and the ports of the Pacific will be kept well in hand by a cabinet sitting on the shores of the opposite ocean. A line of mail steamers is forthwith to run between New York and New Orleans; at New Orleans it will join a second line from that port to Chagres, on the Isthmus of Panama; from the isthmus a third line of steamers will traverse the Pacific to and from the Columbia river. The ink of the treaties is scarcely dry, and yet in January next the direct and regular communication between New York and Oregon will be such as, at this time last year, had not been established between London and Ascension. The Americans want no sharemen in their operations. The terms of the convention left certain possessory rights to the Hudson's Bay Company within the frontier assigned to the United States. These rights the States are anxious to purchase immediately, and it is probable that the president, without waiting for the reassembling of Congress, will negotiate during the recess, at no illiberal valuation, his bargain for the whole of these possessions. How much of the price paid for Louisiana or California would the government of Washington give for an island which seems to have gone begging for twelve months in London!

There is this peculiar interest attached to these transactions on the American continent—that we there see in actual operation the course of those events of which in our own world we can only read. We may look at the North America of 1848 as at the Northern Europe of a thousand years before, and may watch with our own eyes the territorial settlement of a continent. There are the Spaniards of the Isthmus, the rival Saxons in the centre, the Slavonians in the north-western angle, and a powerful element of Celts interspersed. We may imagine a new race of Franks establishing itself in a Transatlantic Gaul,



a new colony of slaves struggling up to a new Pomerania, or a new swarm of Huns settling upon a new Danube. We have civilized instead of barbarous races to deal with, and therein consists the whole difference. With this variation we may fix our speculative eyes upon a continent of which the distribution and occupation is as uncertain and fortuitous as that of Europe in the days of Charlemagne. There may be one empire or two, of one or two races, or there may be kingdoms or republics innumerable. Nobody can yet calculate the members of the American family when the partition and tenancy of the continent shall be at length complete.

The interest felt in such a prospect as this is not diminished by the consideration of the extent to which our own national credit is involved. Over half of this vast territory we have at least manorial rights, and it is indeed fitting that the institutions of the company to which we delegate so important a tenancy should be introduced to general notice. It should not be overlooked that our remaining portion in these possessions is mainly deficient in those very advantages which we have recently proposed to bargain away. The immense tract of British North America has on the Pacific but a very inadequate proportion of seaboard. The Russian territories straggle half way down our western coast from the north, and south of the Columbia river all will soon be subject to American rule. Vancouver's Island is not only the most promising harbor and position in these parts, but it is literally nearly one half of the western seaboard of our whole dominion. And yet this is the settlement on which we set so little store!

THE *Jamaica Morning Journal* announces that entire success had attended the Hon. Captain Darling in his endeavors to produce and cure tobacco in the island of Jamaica. The samples from his estate had been declared by competent judges to be of excellent quality, and capable of ranking with tobacco produced in the island of Cuba, not only for the manufacture of cigars, but for export to the European markets. It was supposed that, were the cultivation of tobacco carried on, it would be of lasting good to the island, and the English market might eventually be supplied with free-grown tobacco as well as free-grown sugar.

A LETTER from Frankfort of the 2d September states that the constitution of that free city is about to be changed, its principles being too much those of the middle ages, and excluding Jews and many Christians from political rights.

From the National Era.

#### RESOLVES.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

I HAVE said I would not meet him; have I said the words in vain?

Sunset burns along the hill-tops, and I'm waiting here again.

But my promise is not broken, though I stand where once we met;

When I hear his coming footsteps, I can fly him even yet.

We have stood here oft when evening deepened slowly o'er the plain,

But I must not, dare not, meet him in the shadows here again;

For I could not turn away and leave that pleading look and tone,

And the sorrow of his parting would be bitter as my own.

In the dim and distant ether the first star is shining through,

And another, and another! trembles softly in the blue:

Should I linger but one moment in the shadows where I stand,

I shall see the vine-leaves parted, with a quick, impatient hand.

But I will not wait his coming! he will surely come once more.

Though I said I would not meet him, I have told him so before;

And he knows the stars of evening see me standing here again—

O, he surely will not leave me now to watch and wait in vain!

'Tis the hour, the time, of meeting! in one moment 't will be past;

And last night he stood beside me; was that blessed time the last?

I could better bear my sorrow, could I live that parting o'er;

O, I wish I had not told him that I would not come once more!

Could that have been the night-wind moved the branches thus apart?

Did I hear a coming footstep, or the beating of my heart?

No! I hear him, I can see him, and my weak resolves are vain;

I will fly, but to his bosom, and to leave it not again!

#### THE SPRING OF ACTION.

In Love must all things centre :—to this end

Man hath his being :—duty rests in love.

Deeds freely done alone have praise above,

Nor baser springs must with right action blend.

If force, or fear, or lust of pleasure lend

A reason for our doings, then they move

From a wrong source, and shall all worthless prove,

For to our own mean selves alone they tend.

God loveth us :—would that our souls could soar

Above the fetters of this mortal clay,

More fully love, more perfectly obey,

And thus his glorious image wear once more;

For every thought of love man's heart can frame,

Softens the curse that by man's sinning came.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS